The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895.

The Week.

THE Republicans of Ohio met in State convention on Wednesday week, and adopted a platform on the money question which, while it might have been better, must be considered safe. It reads as follows:

"We favor bimetallism, and demand the use of both gold and silver as standard money, either in accordance with a ratio to be fixed by an international agreement, if that can be obtained, or under such restrictions and such provisions to be determined by legislation as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals; that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal."

It is easy to call this a straddle, but when we consider the present pretensions of the silverites and their ultimatum, which is "free coinage or nothing"—meaning free coinage at 16 to 1 by the independent action of the United States—the Ohio resolution distinctly negatives that proposition. Nobody is in favor of a return to the old policy of buying silver bullion and coining dollars on Government account. Even the Populists have abandoned that. Therefore the proposition of the Ohio platform to maintain parity under all circumstances is what the existing law promises, and what everybody except the 16-to-1 silverites is in favor of. Senator Sherman's speech at this convention was, in its practical aspects, a sound deliverance. It contained just enough unsoundness to make it palatable to those who do not understand the subject very well, but not enough to offend the elect or to disturb business. The nomination of McKinley for the Presidency next year has the ring of base metal, since it does not mention the McKinley tariff among his claims to distinction. Indeed, the only mention of the tariff in an unusually long platform is embraced in a few lines of general endorsement of the principle of protection, and a condemnation of the free-wool provision of the present tariff.

Gov. McKinley thinks it indelicate for him to say anything about the Ohio platform, inasmuch as it contains an endorsement of his willing self for the Presidency. He need have no scruples on that account. Of all left-handed compliments, this of declaring that a man is Ohio's favorite son, and then turning round and demonstrating that he has no influence in a State convention of his own party, is a little the worst. Foraker ran things with a high hand, and ruthlessly "turned down" every one of McKinley's candidates for a place on the State ticket. Then, with a wink as it were, he passed over the desired endorsement to the Governor upon whom he had just trampled. He is quite capable, a year from now, of repeating the endorsement and then choosing delegates to the national convention who will not vote for McKinley even on the first ballot. Meanwhile, there is the long and unbroken tradition staring the Ohio Republicans in the face, that they always lose the State in the year when a colleague for Senator Sherman is to be elected by the Legislature.

Visiting statesmen with Presidential aspirations who have been in town for the past few days, are leaving us one by one, somewhat overcome by the heat. So far as known, no one of them has betrayed his convictions on the silver question, or has failed to treat Tom Platt with the high respect due to his position as boss of New York. We have not been able to discover which of the candidates has profited most by his visit. It is said of Gen. Harrison that he has borne the heat better than the others, but there has been nothing to show that his presence here has aroused any fervor in Republican breasts. So far as enthusiasm for him as the candidate for 1896 is concerned, there are no signs of its existence in these parts at present. The same thing may be said of Napoleon McKinley. He came and went without visible commotion among the people. It is possible that both Harrison and McKinley would have received more encouragement for their booms if they had not so studiously concealed their convictions on the only great and pressing issue of the day, but nobody who has followed their careers can expect them to realize such a possibility. Both men have dodged and trimmed on the silver question so persistently that their personal followers do not know where they stand, and they will continue to dodge and trim to the last, entirely unconscious of the fact that the intelligence and property of the whole country are now eagerly looking for a candidate who has convictions on the subject and is not afraid to avow them.

"Tom Reed of Maine" has not lately been getting himself so unconsciously and innocently before the public gaze as have some of his rivals for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, but a biographical sketch of him in the last number of *Home and Country* has an ominous campaign look. From it we learn that Mr. Reed is now the most interesting figure in public life. This is said without intending disparagement of Harrison, McKinley, or Allison, who "are all in their way remarkable men," but the writer, as a friend of truth, cannot refrain from pointing out that "none of them possess the interest which Mr. Reed commands." This appears to lie partly in his height and "generous figure," partly in the shape of his head. The similarity of that dome of thought to Shakspere's has, as the friendly biographer observes, been often noted, but he asserts that he is the first to point out its "still more striking resemblance to Li Hung Chang." This seems to make it hopeless for any of Mr. Reed's rivals to angle for either the literary vote or the Chinese vote. But his main title to admiration is his resolute and independent character. "He never falters before new conditions or trifles with responsibility." We infer, therefore, that it must have been some other Reed whom the Populists chased into the cloakrooms in the last Congress when they tried to find out what he really thought about silver, and whom his honest-money friends in the East have in vain besought to pull his Sino-Shaksperian head out of the sand.

The return of Mr. William C. Whitney from Europe was announced in the morning papers, together with his views on the subject of bimetallism. Mr. Whitney is in favor of it, *i. e.*, the international kind. Most people who have taken only a superficial view of the subject are. Mr. Arthur James Balfour, whom Mr. Whitney quotes, is in this callow stage. When he and Mr. Whitney think a little harder, they will either be opposed to bimetallism in any shape, or in favor of it by separate action of each country. Don Cameron, who is perhaps the hardest thinker in this country, with one or two exceptions, has reached the last-mentioned stage, and that is the reason why the sound-money men of Philadelphia have formed an organization to elevate him out of the Senate. Such profundity as Cameron's ought not to be restricted to that narrow field. He ought to be on the lecture platform or in training for the Presidency. Mr. Whitney thinks that England is ripening for bimetallism. It was seventeen years ago that she sent delegates to the conference of 1878, and we were told then that she had begun to turn. She has been ripening ever since, with such steadiness that Sir William Harcourt said the other day that if a new conference should be held, the Government would not allow the gold standard for England even to be drawn into dispute; while the Liberal Unionists, of whom Mr. Chamberlain is the leader, said that they would under no circumstances remain in alliance with Mr. Balfour if bimetallism were a part of the Conservative programme. Mr. Whitney is still a young man, but he will not live long enough to see that peach fall.

The publication of Mr. Whitney's views on the subject of bimetallism has had an awakening effect on David B. Hill. "Free bimetallic coinage" has been among his patent rights for a long

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time, although he would not tell what that meant, and nobody else could. It might mean international agreement or separate action. Mr. Whitney's move for international agreement has torn Mr. Hill's secret from him. He says he means the same thing. But he means more. Whitney did not tell what ratio he favored. Hill does. He goes for 15½ to 1. Presumably Whitney is for 16 to 1, that being the ticket of 'Coin's Financial School.' But Hill knows that the noble army of debtors will be in favor of 15½ as soon as they find out what it means. The reason why Hill favors 15½ is that he does not approve of two ratios at the same time—a ratio of 16 for the silver dollar and a lower ratio for the halves, quarters, and dimes. He would have it all one thing or all the other. This conception furnishes a new bone for Democratic conventions to puzzle and wrangle over. We shall not undertake to say what they will make of it or do with it. Having done so much for the debtor class, Mr. Hill does not forget that there is another side. "I would exterminate for ever," he says, "the greenback dollars which, by the endless redemption chain, make the chiefest of our existing currency woes." This is a check to Whitney that may prove to be a checkmate unless he bestirs himself.

Signs multiply that the free-coinage craze is dying out in each party. The action of the Republican League of Colorado in voting down a resolution declaring that the members would not vote in 1896 with any party which did not unequivocally declare for unlimited coinage at 16 to 1, is followed by equally significant developments among the Democrats. The Kansas Democratic State central committee, which had been convened with the expectation that it would issue a free-coinage address, rejected the scheme when the resolution was brought to a vote; and the Texas Democratic executive committee, which was counted upon to follow the example of the Illinois brethren in precipitating a free-coinage deliverance a year before the Presidential campaign, instead adopted resolutions to "defer expressions on the financial question to primaries to be held prior to the State convention of 1896"—unless the people "clamor" for an earlier expression of opinion. Evidently the politicians in both parties are fast learning that they have grossly exaggerated the extent of the "clamor" for free coinage among the people.

The Artful Dodger who produced 'Coin's Financial School' has an article entitled the "Free Silver Argument" in the June *Forum*, the object of which is to show that Congress in 1792, although it established bimetallism, made silver the unit of value. In other words, it said that two separate and distinct things should be equally valid as money or legal-tender, but that only one of them should be such. This is worthy of the Artful, and the way he proves it is characteristic. He goes back to the Congress of the Confederation, which confessedly did make the silver dollar the unit of value, and brings out a lot of papers connected with that event, mentioning a paper of Thomas Jefferson's, a report of the Grand committee on the money unit, and a paper submitted by the Board of Treasury to Congress in 1786, and the resolutions on coinage of August 8, 1786. All these things are anterior to the adoption of the Constitution and have nothing to do with the matter in dispute. Everybody knows that the Spanish silver dollar was the unit of value prior to the law of 1792, and everybody except Harvey knows that the law of 1792 introduced a change, to wit, bimetallism. Harvey thinks, or pretends to think, that that law established both bimetallism and monometallism (for unit of value means monometallism; it has no other meaning, and never did have and never can have).

Harvey winds up with some improving comments on his own patriotism. "I would a thousand times rather do benefit to one section of my country and its people," he says, "than to be subservient to the interests of England, *whose gold is so dear*, and to get which we are giving up our property at a sacrifice and adopting a method which will bring national bankruptcy." This is the Artful all over. Observe how slyly it is hinted that gold is peculiarly an English commodity, the fact being that England does not produce a dollar of it, while we produce more than $35,000,000 per year. "The question now to be settled," he continues, "is whether we are to have an English gold policy or an American policy." He did not say an American silver policy, but that is what he meant. "An English gold policy"! What does that signify? Why not say a French gold policy, a Turkish, Portuguese, Austrian, Scandinavian, San Domingan gold policy? Chili has just adopted the gold standard. It went into effect June 1, 1895. Why not ask whether the universal Yankee nation is to have a Chilian gold policy? The only reason why the question is not put in this way is that we have hereditary prejudices against England growing out of two wars, whereas we have none against Chili, or none worth mentioning. Yet it would be much more appropriate to refer to a Chilian gold policy than an English one, because Chili is an American republic which has "gone back" on silver, although it is one of her own products. "As foreseen by Jefferson," continues Harvey, "gold, the rich man's money, is now 'cornered,' and we must go to the gold gamblers of Europe to get it." Why so, when we are producing $35,000,000 per year of it? Finally, Harvey advises his readers to send to Washington and get several ponderous documents that are out of print, among them the report of the Monetary Commission of 1876.

Secretary Gresham might have had a few rags of reputation left him had it not been for the action of the diplomatic corps at Washington in praising his "lofty and unswerving spirit of honor, justice, and conciliation." This was fatal, and we were not surprised to find the *Tribune* arguing with great power and perspicacity that Gresham's successor must not be a man of whom such damning things could be said by foreigners—that he must be "not a tool of British diplomatists, not an instrument of Russian or German or French Governments, but an American." Did anybody ever hear of foreign diplomats paying a tribute to Blaine's honor and justice? We guess not. It is only a Secretary whom they can outwit and hoodwink and use for their own base ends that they go out of their way to praise. Minister Romero had the indecency to choose the very day of Gresham's burial to speak of "his high sense of right, his love of justice, his respect for the rights of others, his courtesy towards all." Not a word here about Americanism, not a word about our country right or wrong, no devotion to the flag, no manifest destiny, no Monroe doctrine—nothing but right and honor and justice, and qualities which, as Señor Romero maliciously says, "confer honor upon humanity in general." Heaven forbid that we ever have another Secretary of State who will have anything to do with humanity in general!

At the same time with the news of the new rule for the Department of Agriculture comes the gratifying information that the Civil-Service Commission is contemplating regulations for bringing within its jurisdiction the whole force of the Government Printing-Office. The movement with this end in view originated among the employees of the printing-office themselves, and has been favorably received by the Public Printer also. This institution is the largest of its kind in the world. Under the law it is required to do all the printing and binding for the Government, and the departments and bureaus pay for the work out of the appropriations allotted for the purpose. The charges cover the cost, and private individuals may obtain copies of the publications it issues by paying an additional ten per cent. It occupies, therefore, a peculiar position, and may in one sense be called a self-supporting office, although ultimately all the payments, except those from private individuals, which are unimportant, fall upon the Government. The force varies in size, but averages upwards of 3,000 men and women. The actual salaried force is in-

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significant, nine-tenths of those employed being paid by the day, or according to the amount of work they do. They comprise foremen, copy editors, revisers, proof-readers, compositors, electrotypers, folders, and all the other classes of workers found in large printing-houses and binderies. At present the Public Printer appoints to these places whomever he chooses and under whatever tests of fitness it pleases him to prescribe. Many of the positions require that men who understand their trade thoroughly should be selected, but there are besides a large number of places for which little or no especial training is necessary, and these have for a long time been used by Senators and members of Congress as lodging-places for the poorer class of place-hunters. The importunity for these petty offices is a source of incessant annoyance. When the office is under civil-service rules, this will entirely disappear, and the public printing will be conducted on a business basis, untrammelled by political considerations.

One of the most commendable vetoes sent to any Legislature by an executive for many years is that which was addressed to the Massachusetts House by Gov. Greenhalge on Monday in the case of the so-called "veterans'-preference bill." The measure virtually abolishes the civil-service system in the case of all men who ever had any connection with the Union army. Under its provisions a veteran needs only to submit his sworn statement that he is qualified to perform the duties of the position which he seeks, accompanied by certificates (unsworn) from three "citizens of good repute in the community" that they know him to be fully competent, and the appointing officer must give him the place, without the slightest evidence of his qualifications. Schemes of this sort have been advocated for years by the spoilsmen and the Grand Army machine, but they have never come near carrying until this year. The great majority which the Republicans secured in the election of last fall, gave both of these elements confidence that they could now afford to disregard the independent-minded members, whose opposition had previously blocked their efforts. The bill was accordingly brought forward, and was pushed through each branch by the most overwhelming majorities. Nobody thought for a moment of such an idea as any opposition from Gov. Greenhalge. He is a Grand Army man, he has always been a regular Republican who has not hesitated to sneer at Mugwumps, and, without having ever taken any position against civil-service reform, has not been accounted especially friendly to it. The Governor's recent vetoes of bills passed by his party putting the police of Holyoke and Woburn under State control were the first indications of an unexpected independence, but even these did not lead to any expectation that he would "go back on his comrades" by opposing the veterans' bill. The message was consequently a great surprise, and the answer to it from the legislative mob of the Governor's own partisans was the immediate passage of the bill over his veto by 172 to 23.

The bill, now awaiting Gov. Morton's action, which makes "scientific temperance education" compulsory in the public schools, seems to be generally opposed by teachers and educational associations, but to be strongly desired by the Women's Christian Temperance Union and various church organizations. As such laws have worked in other States, New Jersey for example, they are fine examples of good intentions leading to perverse methods and bad results. Text-book publishers understand that the crasser and more violent their "scientific temperance" chapters can be made, the better chance will their wares have of securing the approval of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which gives its "imprimatur" very much in the fashion of a Catholic prelate; and they proceed accordingly. The result is to degrade the character of the books and make their publishing and supply a species of monopoly. It would be just as reasonable to pass a law that no history should be used in the schools which did not devote twenty pages to denouncing the papacy, or defending the right of secession, or what not. Such laws are bad both for the book-makers, the schools, and for temperance; and this is the opinion of the official heads of the Board of Regents, and of several bishops and clergymen, who were quoted on Sunday by the Superintendent of Public Instruction. Bishop Huntington's opposition to the bill is all the more notable in that he confesses having signed a petition in favor of its enactment, but now concludes that "the arguments and facts against it appear to be abundant and conclusive." Dr. W. R. Huntington of this city writes with special competency, as he has been a member of a committee created for the specific purpose of studying, "from a scientific and impartial standpoint," the whole question of alcoholic stimulants, particularly its "educational phase." He protests with sufficient plainness against "palming off pseudo-chemistry and inaccurate physiology as necessary truth." Back of all this dispute over text-books and methods lies the fact that legislation of this sort is essentially hypocritical. Legislatures are entirely willing to please good people with a pretence of doing something against the saloons. If the Woman's Christian Temperance Union would but reflect how impossible it would be to get a law from the New York Legislature stringently regulating or repressing the liquor traffic, it would see how such legislation as it is able to secure inevitably has an air of burlesque and false pretence. In New Jersey one may see a licensed saloon planted directly in front of a public school.

We have been favored with a newspaper clipping which shows "a marvellous growth of the American tin-plate manufacture," and the writer who sends it to us says that it is only a short time since we were ridiculing and belittling every attempt to establish that industry in this country. Not exactly. We did object to the attempt to double the tin-plate tax on sixty-five millions of people in order that half-a-dozen persons might carry on the business in this country. The McKinley tariff was enacted in 1890, and in it the tin-plate duty was raised from 1 cent to 2 2-10 cents per pound. Before the industry was established, the Democratic party came into power pledged to put the duty back to the old figure, and this has been done substantially, the new rate being 1 1-10 cent per pound. Now the singular and admirable fact is that neither the advent of the Cleveland Administration nor the reduction of the tariff to the old figure has had any deterring or deleterious effect on the tin-plate industry. On the contrary, it has grown more in the past two years than it did in the previous two years. New industries which support themselves are always welcome to us. Among such industries we may mention the manufacture of quinine, which is now larger under the régime of free trade imposed upon it amid groans and shrieks by a Republican Congress twenty years ago, than when it was protected by a duty of forty-five per cent.

English notions of official propriety were recently set forth in Parliament on occasion of questions addressed to the Government regarding the attitude to be observed by certain public officers. One of these questions related to the recent article in the *Fortnightly* by the British Consul at Stockholm, on the controversy between Sweden and Norway. While mainly historical, and undoubtedly aiming to be impartial, the article bore rather heavily on the Norwegian claims. Sir Edward Grey informed the House that the Consul had been rebuked and advised that his action was an indiscretion which must not be repeated. An apology would be made to Norway if one were asked. The day before, the Postmaster-General was interpellated as to the conduct which would be required of postmasters and all post-office employees in a political campaign. He replied by reading the rule adopted by the department to cover such cases, which absolutely forbade the officers mentioned to take any open or active part whatever for or against the candidacy of any man for Parliament. They must not belong to a political club, sign a political address, or make a political subscription. They could vote as they saw fit, but were in duty bound, as public servants liable to serve under either party, to keep their political preferences to themselves.

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MORE OF "COIN'S" FACTS.

Among the earliest statements in the now notorious treatise, 'Coin's Financial School,' is the following: "At the Christian era the metallic money in the Roman Empire amounted to $1,800,000,000. By the end of the fifteenth century it had shrunk to $200,000,000." The inferences which "Coin" draws from these two amounts have been generally attacked and roughly handled by various opponents; but as a rule the statements themselves have passed unchallenged. They are taken from a report of the so-called United States Monetary Commission of 1876, which was the proud work of Senator Jones of Nevada. In his seven-day speech of October, 1893, not published, however, till January, 1894, he quoted from that report at length, and the statement as to the "amount of gold in the Roman Empire" stands on page 3674. The "friends of silver" have repeated it again and again in Congress and out of Congress, as if its figures were as certain as the roster of the United States army.

What is Senator Jones's authority for these figures? He quotes in the same speech, and scores of speakers have quoted it before and after him, a passage from the second part of Alison's 'History of Europe,' vol. i., p. 34, which sets forth a general decline in the position of man from the time of the Christian era, owing to the shrinking in the amount of the precious metals. Sir Archibald, in a sentence which Senator Jones did not quote, says: "The treasure which formed the sole circulating medium of the Empire, which in the time of Augustus had been £380,000,000, had sunk, in that of Justinian, to no more than £80,000,000 sterling." These numbers Alison declares are based on authentic materials, set forth in an essay on the "Fall of Rome," to which he refers his readers. But this essay is not easily accessible, and we may question whether even Senator Jones, much less any of his countless copyists, including "Coin," ever saw it. At all events, they have never favored their countrymen with the "authentic materials." One need not waste time in discussing Sir Archibald Alison as an authority in political economy. None of the silverites who have repeated this paragraph on the metals to tediousness, would ever dream of quoting on any other subjects that fine old crusted Tory, who, for all he knew of the science of government and the progress of mankind, might have sat in Lord North's Cabinet. He could describe campaigns vividly, in spite of a bad style, and was a diligent and honest collector of facts when there were any facts to collect, but he could no more draw a sensible philosophical system from them than he could find the North Pole.

In the present case what earthly means had he, or Senator Jones, or "Coin" for determining the amount of gold and silver coin in the time of Augustus or Justinian or Columbus? And one would like, in passing, to ask "Coin" to tell, without looking in an encyclopædia, how far apart he supposes the last two were. What statistics exist of any treasury or mint or private estate in A. D. 1 or A. D. 500 or A. D. 1500? The whole science of political arithmetic is the invention of the last two centuries and a half—its accurate development can barely be traced through half that period. It is almost impossible to make any accurate numerical estimates for those days, even the latest; and for the earliest, absolutely so. We dare not say positively whether the population of Rome under Augustus was considerably smaller than Chicago's, or considerably more than London's, or somewhere between these extremes. No doubt both Augustus and Justinian tried to ascertain the total amount of taxable property in their respective empires; but the way taxes were farmed would make honesty almost impossible; and then, as now, book debts existed up to the millions, making a wide gulf between property and cash. The practice of hoarding was so general that the Roman satirists and the Christian evangelists both speak of it as a commonplace thing, and their treasury accounts and mint accounts are not accessible to us. What statistics exist of the produce of the royal mines in Greece and Spain of which Sir Archibald talks so much as giving out at the Christian era?

Scores of these questions might be asked, and they cannot be answered. If one doubled or halved any of the totals, it would be impossible to prove a blunder. Then what do these gentlemen mean by the "Roman Empire" wherein the money had shrunk? The empire of Augustus and that of Justinian were not the same. What is meant by "the metallic money of the Roman Empire at the end of the fifteenth century"? There was no doubt a territory then called the Holy Roman Empire; but it lay utterly outside that of Justinian, and almost entirely outside that of Augustus. One might as well compare the English monarchy of 1400 when it took in half France, of 1770 when it took in the American colonies, and of 1895, when it takes in India, having successively lost the other two. There are no trustworthy facts on which such estimates can be made; and the countries to which the estimates are applied do not admit of comparison.

And this is the stuff that has been quoted again and again by the "friends of silver" for twenty years! Alison, who has been the laughing-stock of economists for twice that period, is exalted to a profound and keen statistician; the Augustan empire is resuscitated from the dust of Rome, of Byzantium, and of —suppose we say Frankfort—to terrify us with pictures of ruin unknown to Gibbon, to Merivale, or to Mommsen, all derived from a mysterious shrinkage of what are perhaps the least destructible commodities used by man, and all done with a gravity which really makes intelligent men set to work to disprove the arguments erected on this basis, when in point of fact the true answer to the entire assertion is the same that has been applied to so many of "Coin's" other statements: "The boy lied."

THE CASE OF YICK WO.

Now that it is settled that the controversy over the registration laws of South Carolina will be carried up to the Supreme Court for a final decision on Judge Goff's ruling, it is worth while to recall the judgment of that tribunal in the case of Yick Wo vs. Hopkins nine years ago, as showing its view of the scope of federal interference in matters of State and even municipal legislation.

Yick Wo, a native of China, went to California in 1861, and engaged in the laundry business, which he carried on from the first in the same premises, under licenses from the fire and health officials. In 1880 there were about 320 laundries in the city and county of San Francisco, of which about 240 were owned and conducted by subjects of China. Of the whole 320, about 310 (Yick Wo's among them) were constructed of wood, like nine-tenths of the houses in the city. The capital thus invested by Chinamen was not less than $200,000, and they paid annually, for rents, licenses, taxes, gas, and water, about $180,000.

In 1880, ordinances were enacted making it unlawful for any person to establish or carry on a laundry within the corporate limits of the city and county "without having first obtained the consent of the Board of Supervisors, except the same be located in a building constructed either of brick or stone"; and punishing any violator of the ordinance by a fine of not more than $1,000, or by imprisonment for not more than six months, or by both. Yick Wo and 200 countrymen who carried on their business in wooden houses, under licenses from the Fire Wardens and Health Officer, petitioned the Supervisors for permission to continue in the same premises which they had been occupying in some cases for more than twenty years. All such petitions of Chinamen were denied. At the same time all petitions of laundrymen who had wooden buildings but were not Chinese, were granted with a single exception. Scores of Chinese laundrymen were then arrested for carrying on business without the required legal consent, and their business was practically ruined. Yick Wo was tried in a police court, found guilty of violating the ordinance, and sentenced to pay a fine of $10, and in default of payment to be imprisoned at the rate of one day for each dollar of fine until the fine should be satisfied.

The case was carried to the State Su-

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preme Court, which sustained the local ordinance. Appeal was taken to the federal Supreme Court, which pronounced judgment on the 10th of May, 1886, the late Justice Matthews delivering the opinion. The court reversed the judgment of the State court, and rested its decision upon that clause of the fourteenth amendment to the federal Constitution which says:

"Nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

This provision was held to apply equally to Yick Wo and other Chinamen in like case, because the treaty between the United States and China guarantees to the latter's subjects in this country the same rights, privileges, immunities, and exemptions as may be enjoyed by the citizens of the most favored nation; and the Revised Statutes provide that all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall have the same right in every State and Territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties, give evidence, and to have the full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property, as is enjoyed by white citizens, and be subject to like punishment, pains, penalties, taxes, licenses, and exactions of every kind, and to no other. It was contended by Yick Wo's counsel that the ordinances for the violation of which he was sentenced were void on their face, as being within the prohibition of the fourteenth amendment; and, if not so, that they were void by reason of their administration "operating unequally, so as to punish in the present petitioners what is permitted to others as lawful, without any distinction of circumstances—an unjust and illegal discrimination, it is claimed, which, though not made expressly by the ordinances, is made possible by them." This latter position was sustained by the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court of California had held that the city had the right to make ordinances to regulate laundries with a view to the protection of the public against such dangers as those of fire, but the federal court found nothing in the ordinances under review which pointed to such a regulation. On the contrary, the Supervisors were granted a purely arbitrary power. Yick Wo had complied with every requisite deemed necessary by law for the protection of neighboring property from fire or as a precaution against injury to the public health. No reason whatever except the will of the Supervisors was assigned why he and his two hundred fellow-countrymen should not be permitted to carry on their business in wooden buildings while eighty others not Chinese subjects were allowed to carry on the same business under similar conditions. The fact of discrimination against the Chinese was admitted, and no reason for it could be imagined except hostility to their race and nationality.

With reference to the principles that govern such cases, the Court said:

"The cases present the ordinances in actual operation, and the facts shown establish an administration directed so exclusively against a particular class of persons as to warrant and require the conclusion that, whatever may have been the intent of the ordinances as adopted, they are applied by the public authorities charged with their administration, and thus representing the State itself, with a mind so unequal and oppressive as to amount to a practical denial by the State of the equal protection of the laws which is secured to the petitioners, as to all other persons, by the broad and benign provisions of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Though the law itself be fair on its face and impartial in appearance, yet, if it is applied and administered by public authority with an evil eye and an unequal hand, so as practically to make unjust and illegal discriminations between persons in similar circumstances, material to their rights, the denial of equal justice is still within the prohibition of the amendment.

"The discrimination is therefore illegal, and the public administration which enforces it is a denial of the equal protection of the laws and a violation of the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution. The imprisonment of the petitioner is therefore illegal, and he must be discharged."

This seems to be a broad assertion by the highest court in the land of the power to investigate the workings of any local law, and to interfere for the protection of a citizen against the unjust administration of any statute. The South Carolina registration law requires any man whose name has never been on the list to make an affidavit setting forth his full name, age, occupation, and residence when the act of 1882 was passed, or at any time thereafter when he became old enough to vote, "and the place or places of his residence since the time when he became entitled to register," and this must be supported by the affidavits of two "reputable" citizens who were each twenty-one years old in 1882, or at the time when the applicant became entitled to register. The registrar is given authority to determine whether the citizens who make the supporting affidavits are "reputable." If it should be established that this discretionary power has been abused, the decision in the case of Yick Wo would indicate that the Supreme Court of the United States might claim the right of the federal authorities to interfere.

"ADVOWSONS."

THERE is probably nothing in England more mysterious to foreigners than advowsons, and not many things which play a more prominent part in English life and have contributed more cases to the English law reports. An advowson is the right to fill a vacancy in the ministry of a parish, or, in technical phrase, the right of "next presentation to a living," and is, under English law, a salable commodity. It probably originated in the fact that the endowments of the English Church are nearly all parochial—that is, each parish minister is maintained by parish tithes or glebe lands given for the purpose in early ages, probably by the owner of the adjoining or contiguous lands, who made it a condition which grew into a custom, and then into legal right, that if he provided for the clergyman's maintenance, he should have the right to say who the clergyman should be. In fact, it resembled in its beginnings the modern practice of founding a professorship in a college with the understanding that the first occupant of the chair shall be chosen by the founder.

A very large number of livings are in the gift of the Crown, of the Lord Chancellor, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of wealthy noblemen, and of the universities. None of these patrons have any use for them except to oblige friends or to reward deserving clergymen. But a very large number are in the gift of needy persons who by no means object to turning an honest penny by the sale of them. This selling of them, which there seems to be no means of stopping, is, however, illegal if the living be vacant. It is then called a simony. But a sale of the right to present when it becomes vacant at some future period, when, for instance, the actual incumbent dies or resigns, is a legitimate exercise of the rights of property. This has led, not unnaturally, to clergymen with means buying livings for their own use—that is, buying the right to cure the souls of a definite body of believers; such purchasers, of course, being often persons whose own souls were in a perilous condition. The scandals of the traffic are immense, and they are discovered by means of advertisements in the newspapers. The Archbishop of Canterbury produced some of these advertisements in the House of Lords the other day. He said:

"The value of benefices is going down, and is, in fact, so far reduced that the purchase of an advowson or next presentation is the very best investment that a clergyman can make, as he can obtain a rate of interest immeasurably beyond what he can get in any other way; and if he can leave it behind him as property, it is property which yields an immense rate of interest. As the value of livings goes down, the sales of livings increase. This is a matter of fact. For instance, there were eighty-three advertisements of advowsons in the advertising columns of the *Times* during the months of January and February, 1895, against thirty-seven in the two corresponding months of 1894. I have before now quoted to your lordships very shameful advertisements, but I should like to read two or three selected from advertisements actually in circulation now, simply to show the House that, while the advertisements have got rather less barefaced, their description and character show that they are intended for a class of persons very unlike that spiritual pastor whom your lordships would most wish to see in livings of your own, in love with his work and with his people.

"The advertisements run this sort of way: 'This preferment is only suited to a clergyman who is prepared to give a fair price for a really desirable county benefice.' 'This is an unusually desirable gentleman's property'; then comes a description of the house and grounds, concluding, 'This is a very compact gentleman's property in perfect repair.' The descriptions are interlarded with announcements that the benefices are near good towns or convenient railway stations, that yachts or fishing are to be had, and, what speaks for itself, 'first-class society.' (Laughter.) There are also more serious and grave defects appearing in the advertisements. One is, that 'there are no schools.' This would attract the kind of man who wants no trouble with the children of his parish. Another is, that the income of the benefice is derived from tithe-rent charge and the ecclesias-

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tical commissioners. Where an income with very poor means has been augmented by this body and brought up to, say, £300, this is used, in some cases, as an instrument to make a large sum out of the sale of the benefice. The amount of charities bestowed on a parish is even held out as showing that there will be no demands made on the pastor. These descriptions are also, in some cases, colored with the most nauseous statements, that an 'evangelical' or a 'Catholic' clergyman is required."

This quotation is from a speech made by the Archbishop in introducing a measure of reform, but, oddly enough as it will seem in American eyes, it contains no hint of the abolition of the sale of presentations. It simply proposes to increase the power of the bishops over the character and qualifications of the persons presented. It will prevent a clergyman from buying the presentation in order to present himself—a not uncommon practice—and it will interpose a period of twelve months between the purchase of a presentation and the actual presentation. This last clause is meant to prevent speculation on the age of the actual incumbent and bargains for immediate resignation. But among the arguments against this to which the Archbishop gives weight is the following:

"A man who has just bought a large property may wish to buy the advowson of the neighboring church because it is to him a matter of the highest interest that there should always be a fit person presented to the living, and it would be very hard on such a man if, after having bought the advowson, the clergyman should die or be promoted within twelve months, so that he would not again have an opportunity of presenting to the church for perhaps forty years."

From any one who knows anything of the actual practice, the supposition that the purchaser of "the large property" will consider mainly the claims of the parish souls, and not the interests of a clerical son, brother, or friend, will call forth a smile.

There could hardly be a more interesting illustration than this whole subject of the conservative tendencies of the English mind regarding property. No one dares to propose the abolition of the entire system of appointing ministers, because the right of presentation has been for centuries recognized as private property by the English law, and no attempt to take it away without compensation would be thought of, while compensation would amount to an enormous sum. All that the Archbishop proposes is to remedy some of the very grossest abuses. Not a word escaped his lips going to show that he considered the whole system of providing religious pastors for the English people a very gross abuse, or even a system calling for any defence or apology. On the contrary, he and a large body of the clergy have used as their strongest argument against Welsh disestablishment, that it would endanger in England this mode of filling the parish pulpit. It has grown up, as the purchase of commissions in the army grew up, under the influence of the intense respect of the English mind for usage or prescription—that is, for anything which has been done without hindrance or opposition for long periods of time. The crop of abuses which came down from the Middle Ages under the shelter of prescription was very great. The monasteries and the municipal corporations were the greatest. Property in military commissions grew up later, but its abolition cost a great struggle, and is still looked on by many Conservatives as one of Gladstone's worst offences. The mode of officering the church, which really has nothing to do with the question of church establishment, is the only absurdity still left which has no better defence than long uses and "vested rights."

THE GREED OF AUTHORS.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has got himself into a pickle in a way that ought to serve as a warning to all lovers of paradox. It occurred to him, in a speech at the London Booksellers' dinner, to make a little joke about the struggling publisher at the mercy of the hard-hearted author. This was a pleasant gospel for the itching ears of his auditors, and their applause led him on from jest to earnest, and into the following dangerous assertion:

"It wants a little courage, or perhaps my brother writers will say a good deal of impudence, for an author to get up in this year of grace and seem to repudiate the 'author's rights' of which we hear so much. But I do it in the interest of the authors themselves, because I think some of our popular authors are killing the goose that lays the golden egg. . . . Often, when a very successful novel is published, you would find, if you looked beneath the surface, that the author had got the publisher's heart in a little hand-mill, and every now and then was giving it another turn, and then peeping in to see whether he was still alive, and then giving another little turn, squeezing out, drop by drop, royalty blood. . . . If the publisher is to endure the author's squeezing, he must squeeze you [the booksellers], and you must squeeze the public, which refuses to be squeezed. Then the joke is reversed, and the public declines to buy from you, and you decline to buy from the publisher, and the publisher rebels, and says to the greedy author, 'Get out of this, and starve in Grub Street, as you used to do in the good old times.'"

This would have been a dangerous saying in any land or time; and in England, within earshot of the Authors' Society, it was simply courting death. Mr. Walter Besant, as he then was (how he ever could have consented to become Sir Walter, with the implied comparison, we know not), was at once down upon Mr. Gosse with a demand that he retract or name the man. Mr. Gosse declined to do either, simply affirming that what he had said he had said "in perfect sincerity, and with some knowledge of the facts," and professing a gentle amusement over the fact that, "while for generations past everybody has been calling the publishers Barabbas without creating the least excitement, an humble person mildly suggests that authors should not be greedy, only to find the firmament rent with shrieks of censure." But the Authors' Society was not to be put down in that way. Its Committee of Management promptly passed a resolution severely censuring Mr. Gosse, and issued one of its lethal "circulars" on the whole subject.

The dreadful suspicion once laid before the public that authors were accumulating too much wealth for the safety of democratic institutions, eager and prying minds applied themselves to other aspects of the literary business, and immediately discovered new horrors. Authors are guilty, it seems, not only of selling their wares at monopoly prices, but of actually dealing in "literary futures." Cases were unearthed of novelists contracting to deliver stories of so many words and of guaranteed first-class workmanship, not only next year and the year after, but even in 1901. This is surely worse than being *fin-de-siècle*. Wherein is selling novels that do not exist any less heinous than selling futures on cotton or wheat? It is clear that the next anti-option bill will have to be enlarged so as to fine or imprison the cruel literary operators who beat down the price of this year's toilsome crop of fiction or verse by promising the weak publisher all he wants, even more than he wants, this day twelvemonth.

It is asserted, too, that the particular form of thumb-screw which the modern novelist applies to the Jew of a publisher to make him disgorge, is the threat to start a rival publishing-house which will give the author full half-profits. Scarcely more money or stock in trade is needed than is needed to set up a writer himself, and Thackeray explained what a moderate amount of pens, ink, and paper will suffice for that. Add in a sign, one chair to sit in yourself and one to plant your author in, a big job-printing house around the corner to do the work, and the outfit is complete. English publishers are said always to yield at once when threatened with rivalry of this sort, despite the encouragement they might be tempted to draw from the Scott-Ballantyne partnership. American publishers, we believe, are not so easily shaken—especially not since the recent collapse of an author's publishing-house. When, as in that case, talk about 45 per cent. royalties becomes so soon talk about being perhaps able to pay 45 cents on the dollar, the oppressed publisher cannot be blamed for hoping that a few of the necessaries of life, such as yachts and villas, may be kept a bit longer from the insatiate author.

We must confess that we have not observed among authors of our acquaintance signs of the greed which troubled Mr. Gosse. Few, if any of them, we believe, would display the facial characteristics inevitably acquired by a man (as Balzac explained in the case of M. Grandet) in the habit of contemplating secret hoards of gold. Yet there are subtler and less obvious temptations to greed, or an appearance of greed, against which some of them are not wholly proof. One of these temptations is to disregard the literary company one keeps, provided one gets extra pay for it. Publishers of in-

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ane or sensational periodicals boast that they can get the best names of the writing fraternity into their strange galley, provided the checks be made big enough. And it must be admitted that the results too often justify the boast. Now it will never do to rail at authors for writing for money. What was an honorable and sufficient motive for Shakspere, for Scott, for Hawthorne, is honorable and sufficient for any man. But there is such a thing as literary propriety, literary self-respect, the conventions of the craft, which no author with a reputation to sustain or to make ought lightly to violate—ought never to violate in evident obedience to the jingle of the guinea. Why should you figure in a charlatan's table of contents, any more than you would at his dinner-table, simply because you got well paid for it?

Another form of author's greed, or appearance of it, is the kind that pushes to the wall, not the luckless publisher, but the author himself and the reading public. We mean, of course, the nervous haste to take the kingdom of public favor by storm. If an author makes a hit, he must keep on hitting; if he strikes a new vein, he must at once work it out to the last filament, lest some other "jump his claim" or turn out an ore that better suits the public taste. Hence we have the feverish rush to produce the greatest possible number of books or articles in the shortest possible time, the digging up of old and unsuccessful writings to hitch them to the ones that have met with acceptance, the revamping and revarnishing. These eager authors do in earnest what Agassiz said in jest that he did—tell all he knew in the first half-hour and repeat himself ever afterwards. Mr. Howells has recently admitted that American fiction has been under a cloud for a few years past, and promises to give his explanation of the phenomenon. It is worth considering whether the haste, if not to be rich, at least to squeeze the orange dry without once relaxing the grip, has not had a good deal to do with it.

ON THE EVE OF THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

ITALY, May 15, 1895.

BEFORE this letter can appear in the *Nation* the general elections will have taken place. Never since the first elections after the proclamation of the kingdom of Italy in 1860 has such excitement prevailed—among candidates, electors, and journalists. The general public does not care a fig who gets in or who remains out. You will remember that the House was prorogued on December 15, 1894, precisely when the discussion of Giolitti's *plico*, or bundle of letters and documents, was to have taken place, and Crispi's report to the King provoked the meeting in the Sala Rossa, where the Marquis di Rudini, the late Prime Minister, and Zanardelli met Cavallotti and other Radicals and Socialists to protest in the strongest terms against the insults to the national representation contained in that report. It was agreed that all these parties or fractions of parties should pursue their work of opposition separately and independently. Certainly no one then dreamed that another six months could pass without the reconvocation of the old house or an appeal to the country. Such, however, has been the case, and during this time the nation has been governed as in the old days of despotism—royal decrees taking the place of laws discussed and voted in Parliament, old taxes increased and new ones imposed without the sanction of the national assembly. The ministerial pretext is that the electoral lists had to be revised, and that this could not be done in a shorter time. Now, at least, it is done with a vengeance, and some half a million of electors have been struck off the list. What really caused the delay was the action for libel brought against Giolitti by Crispi for the letters and documents handed over to the President of the Chamber, and which it was hoped would be subject to the ordinary tribunals. The Court of Cassation, however, which is independent, ruled that a minister or ex-minister can be tried only by his peers for acts or words done or spoken in the exercise of his functions; that hence it is for the House to decide whether Giolitti shall be tried by the high court of the Senate or the affair be quashed. Giolitti demands his trial; whether he will succeed will depend on the composition of the new House.

That with the Clericals and Crispinians combined the Government will have an enormous majority is certain, but how long it will remain faithful is by no means so sure. Every pressure has been brought to bear in the administrative elections, and in Milan, in Mantua, where the Democrats were all-powerful, this time they have been routed all along the line. The most astounding defeat is that of Zanardelli and his party at Brescia. He and Rudini keep their polemics within decent bounds, yet Crispi's organ *La Riforma* treats them with no more politeness than is dealt out to Cavallotti, who gives a Roland for an Oliver and something into the bargain. As we blamed Giolitti for presenting to the House a bundle of private letters to which he had no right, and of public documents which he ought to have handed over to the committee of seven, so we have no sympathy with Cavallotti, the "bard of democracy," who turns private detective and buys up from the scum of creation all the letters and documents which he can lay hands on to damage the reputation of Crispi. Still, though the manner of the revelations disgusts one, the facts remain, and are of a most serious nature. It is shown how much money was spent to prevent Imbriani's election, and how the attempt failed, how 500 lire per month was paid to one editor. But this is nothing to the treatment of the numerous unhappy prisoners arrested illegally and sent to the fortress of Port Ercole, stived in filthy dens, compelled to sleep on the straw with one covering, no mattress in this bitter winter, ragged, shoeless, full of vermin; old delinquents set free at the entreaties of a Deputy; perfectly innocent men, because Socialists, still detained with one pound of bread and bean soup for all sustenance; neither doctors nor medicine for the sick for two months running; an old man of eighty blind, another a cripple, a third a paralytic. In publishing these revolting details, Cavallotti piles the agony high by quoting Mr. Gladstone's letter to Lord Aberdeen anent the Neapolitan dungeons in 1850, and, sad to say, the story of yesterday and of to-day tally all too well.

Serious as are these charges, to me the gravest error committed by Crispi is that narrated by Marescalchi after resigning. He was one of the best functionaries in Italy; counsellor of the prefecture of Bologna during the sitting of the committee appointed to examine the cases, one by one, of the men arrested by the police and recommended for "domicilio coatto." Said committee in Bologna soon found that most of these unfortunates were as innocent as themselves, and were arrested to satisfy the private vengeance of so-and-so or of the police themselves. Hence the commissioners, magistrates, all, save one doctor, the secretary Condulmer, refused to sentence the innocent, and asked in some cases for further evidence against other accused. On this the counsellor is called up and informed that the questor is furious with the committee for setting free a certain Rubbi and for asking for further evidence against Gabussi, "who in any case is to be sent to *domicilio coatto*." One prefect was removed from Bologna and another sent, to whom Crispi telegraphed his displeasure "at the way in which the committee applied the exceptional laws," and continues: "I have written to the keeper of the seals to call the two magistrates on the committee to order, nor can I refrain from expressing my disapproval of the conduct of the counsellor of the prefecture. He ought to have supported the police through thick and thin, *i. e.*, have voted for the punishment of all of those denounced by the police. Instead of this, by agreeing with the two magistrates, he has been false to his duty." And to punish him for so doing he was removed by telegraph to another seat, with his vice-chief and the secretary Dr. Condulmer. The commissioners were changed, and the condemnations were passed wholesale and in such haste that many of the prisoners found themselves at Port Ercole without knowing of what they were accused or that they were condemned to *domicilio coatto*. Marescalchi sent in his resignation immediately, and has recourse to the Council of State against Crispi for violation of the law and abuse of power. But how many public servants with large families and no private property can afford to obey the dictates of their conscience?

Meanwhile the Socialists are more active than ever in their propaganda. They have presented seventy candidates, declining the alliance with Republicans, Democrats, or Radicals, by which they might carry many colleges, whereas now it is doubtful if they succeed save in a very few; but they say frankly: "We mean to count our forces on the first Sunday at the polls. We shall all vote for the Liberal candidate against the Crispinos." The Pope still maintains his veto, and the old programme of Pio Nono, "neither electors nor elected"; but how many will obey him? Cardinal Hohenlohe, who, at a dinner in his beautiful Villa d'Este at Tivoli, toasted the future candidates who should support Crispi, has been summoned to the Vatican by his Holiness, and, after a severe reprimand, requested to absent himself from Rome for a month, *i. e.*, till the elections are over; and the delinquent has betaken himself to Montefalco. The *Osservatore Romano* publishes a letter from the president of the Catholic congresses and committees to all the members of the regional diocesan and parochial committees, enjoining strict obedience to the Pope's decree.

"This time the abstinence should be total, full, and free, not only in virtue of absolute and unconditional obedience to the Pontiff, who will never admit the right of any one save himself to rule in Rome, but also to prove that it is vain to hope for the participation of Italian Catholics in the public life of their country until justice has been ren-

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dered to the Holy Father—the justice that he demands. And if this, our policy of abstention in political elections, should convince those in whose hands are the destinies of our fatherland of the necessity of coming to a real understanding with the Supreme Pontiff, it will show that ours is not useless inertia, but one of the most efficacious modes of action."

The president promises to make known the number of abstentionists.

The only political manifesto yet published is Rudini's letter to his electors—a dry, heavy, but remarkable document, which would require a whole number of the *Nation* to examine and criticise. It is divided into two parts: the first expounds the reforms necessary to remedy the administrative, judicial, and economical abuses of which all complain in Italy. "Without these reforms," he writes, "I do not believe that we can for long preserve the fundamental laws of the state. Unless the nation is convinced that it can obtain a government founded on justice and morality, all governments will forfeit their *raison d'être* and all powers of resistance." To-day Italy, depressed, cares less for representative institutions than in the days gone by. Rudini, like all Sicilians, and now the Lombards, has always leaned towards the utmost decentralization, to local government, and there is no doubt but that the intense centralization which makes the Government arbiter, nay despot, in every branch of human affairs has contributed more than aught else to the present state of corruption and anarchy. Rudini proposes in reality the old regional system desired by Minghetti—each region to have at its head a lieutenant-governor. As a Conservative, he would have all associations bound to lay their status and number of members before the authorities; would restrict the suffrage still more than has just been done. Here the Radicals will separate from him should he return to power. What is certain is, that as long as the Government interferes, by bribery and corruption, in the elections, and allows the Government candidates to promise in its name all sorts of favors and prizes to individual electors and to communes, the wheels of state can never run fairly and smoothly; and unless immorality and peculation are punished in high places, it is useless to expect decency and honesty in the multitude.

Crispi has *posed* his candidature in about twenty colleges, and at the grand banquet which it is said will be offered to him at the baths of Caracalla he will deliver his "great speech." In all their old colleges the ministers will follow his example. The one discourse eagerly expected is that of Sonnino, who has never lied in his financial statements, never pretended that two and two make five, or that the outgo and income of the state is balanced; but he is a very Philistine in laying the taxes on the poorest classes, and all are anxious now to know whether they are to be mulcted still further. The programme of the Piedmontese opposition is one long protest against all the sins of commission and omission of the present Government, the arbitrary closure, the prolonged suspension of parliamentary debates, the royal edicts, the imposition of taxes without the consent of Parliament. They maintain that without radical economies in every branch of the administration, *even in the army and navy*, the country can never be redeemed. As for Eritrea, though they do not ask for total abandonment, they do protest against expansion; and as the manifesto is signed by the ex-Minister of the Navy, Brin, with seventeen other Deputies, it has a certain value of its own. Numerous colleges have invited Zanardelli to stand, but he has answered all, that, as he has ever disapproved of double elections, he cannot accede to the requests, but remains with only one string to his bow in his old and faithful college of Iseo.

J. W. M.

BARRAS'S MEMOIRS.—I.*

PARIS, May 22, 1895.

"HABENT sua fata libelli" is especially applicable to Memoirs. Strange is the history of many of them; the precautions taken by the writer often turn against his intentions. It happens, for instance, that the Memoirs of Barras, which are a violent pamphlet and diatribe against the Emperor Napoleon and all his family, are now published, a long time after they were written, by a man who is an ardent Bonapartist, viz., M. George Duruy, son of the historian Duruy, who was a minister of public instruction under Napoleon III. The elder Duruy was no ordinary man; he may be said to have brought about a revolution in the French University by using in his books the documents and methods of the new historical school. He was a strong liberal, and was called to the post of minister of public instruction by Napoleon III. at a time when the Second Empire was at war with the bishops of the Senate. His son, the editor of the Memoirs of Barras, has acquired some reputation in the literary and journalistic world.

Barras made his will on April 30, 1827. He said in it: "I give and leave to M. Rousselin de Saint-Albin an edition of 'Anacharsis' and my geographical maps. I wish besides that my papers and memoirs, deposited with one of my friends, should be given to him that he may edit the memoirs, as time has not allowed me to do so." Feeling himself very ill on the morning of January 29, 1829, he said to his godchild, M. Paul Grand, that he feared much lest his papers should be seized after his death, as there was among them a correspondence between himself and King Louis XVIII. He advised him to hide them, and died on the same day, at eleven o'clock P. M. M. Grand, with a servant, filled two trunks with the papers and had them taken in the night to the house of M. de Saint-Albin. The next day a search was made by a justice of the peace, and everything was put under seal. Madame de Barras instituted, on this occasion, a lawsuit, which was really of no consequence, as all the important papers were already in the hands of M. de Saint-Albin.

What were these papers, and what were these unfinished memoirs? M. Duruy explains at length; he tells us that Barras wrote long notes at various times on the events in which he had taken a part; these notes were materials for his future memoirs, some parts of which had afterwards received an almost definitive form. Sometimes two or three versions of the same event were made. Barras's wish was that his friends should make a whole of all these materials and give to his memoirs the best literary form; he desired that M. de Saint-Albin should with M. Paul Grand classify the papers (which were as many as 15,000), and do the final editing of the memoirs. M. Duruy (and I must agree with him) prefers the original editing of Barras to the more finished and literary editing of Saint-Albin, who conceived his work after the literary taste of a period which was too fond of rhetorical amplifications. However, Saint-Albin was faithful everywhere to the thought of Barras; he did not alter the texts; he simply clothed them in what he considered a decent and suitable style.

It would be tedious to give an account of the quarrels between Saint-Albin, Mme. de Barras, and M. Paul Grand on the subject of the Memoirs; it is enough to say that an agreement finally took place between the contending parties, and the Memoirs became in 1834 the exclusive property of M. de Saint-Albin. Why did he not then publish them? It was because his legal adviser told him, after having read them, that there was in them "un nid de procès correctionnels"—a fountain of libel suits. St.-Albin was unwilling to make any changes or suppressions in the work which he had received in trust, and he decided to keep the Memoirs in his portfolio. He died in 1847, and his children were also unwilling to publish the Memoirs. The elder, M. Hortensius de Saint-Albin, was, under the Second Empire, a Councillor in the Court of Appeal in Paris. He died in 1877. His brother, M. Philippe Saint-Albin, who became possessor of the Memoirs, was for a long time librarian of the Empress Eugénie; I knew him as a colleague in a society of bibliophiles—the most pacific, the gentlest of men. The idea of publishing a work which was a bitter satire on Napoleon and his family could never have entered his mind; he left the manuscript at his death to his sister, Madame Achille Jubinal, the widow of a Bonapartist Deputy of the Second Empire. M. Duruy entered by marriage the Jubinal family, and thus came into possession of the famous Memoirs. M. Duruy has thought it necessary to add very lengthy prefaces to the two volumes which have now appeared. He takes great pains, as a critic, to attenuate the historical importance of Barras's accusations against Napoleon. He oscillates constantly between two positions, that of editor of Barras and that of an admirer of Napoleon. He does not count sufficiently on the intelligence of the reader, who is perfectly capable of making allowance for the passions of Barras, who is well known to history as a profligate, cruel, perverse, and contemptible man. He was, at the same time, a man of intelligence, resolution, and courage, as he showed at different times in the terrible period of the Terror.

Barras was born on June 30, 1755, at Fox-Amphoux, in the department of the Var. The antiquity of the Barras, said a proverb of the country, equalled that of the rocks of Provence. His uncle, Melchior de Barras, Vice-Admiral, commanded a French squadron during the American war of Independence. He was one of the signers of the capitulation of Cornwallis. The Terrorist of 1893 likes to say that "the Blacas, the Pontevès, the Castellane, pretended to be our relations." He entered as cadet in the regiment of Languedoc. The history of his first expeditions, at Pondicherry, at the Île de France, is interesting enough, but more than one reader will leave it unread and turn at once to the chapters which herald the great Revolution. We find him in Paris, with little resources, living at the expense of an old aunt, and already in very bad company, a friend of the famous Madame de Lamotte of the "necklace," an associate of the Cardinal de Rohan. To do Barras justice, he says that it has been proved to him "that Marie Antoinette was not only innocent, but an entire stranger to this *tripotage* in which odious swindlers, as guilty as murderers, with unexampled audacity, thought to involve her name and person. I confess that my life as a young man generally not as particular in his relations as he should have been, threw me into

* 'Memoirs of Barras, Member of the Directorate.' Volumes I. and II. Harper & Bros.

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the society of the woman Lamotte. I was not enough on my guard; I could not imagine how much perversity there was in her."

Barras was appointed administrator of the Var, and afterwards a member of the Convention. He threw himself from the first day into the current of the Revolution. The Convention ordered a levy of 300,000 men, and Barras was sent with Fréron to the Alps, where he had to organize resistance in the departments of the Hautes and Basses-Alpes. The important city of Toulon had been given over to the enemy, and the siege of Toulon became a necessity. It was during this siege that Barras heard of the execution of the Duke of Orleans (November 6, 1793). It is curious to see in what terms he speaks of him:

"I had sometimes met the Prince before and during the Revolution, and I always found him a man of simple manners, loving liberty like a private citizen, and without any personal ambition. It is possible that some of his friends entertained it for him or for themselves; he never was their accomplice; and it is in this sense that people could say that he was the least Orleanist of the Orleans faction. The execution of a beneficent prince, popular and quite inoffensive in politics, lacked even a pretext on the part of those who committed this crime deliberately and for their pleasure. It was one of the most delirious acts of the Revolution."

We note this judgment, without forgetting that the Duke of Orleans, by voting for the death of Louis XVI., did not allow history to pity him.

Let us return to the siege of Toulon. Barras needed an officer capable of placing a battery well; he found a very young one. "Satisfied," he records, "with a report he made to me, I said to him, 'I thank you, Captain.' He answered, very respectfully: 'I beg your pardon, I am only a lieutenant.' 'You are captain,' said I, 'as you deserve and I have the right to appoint you.' This was the first interview I had with Bonaparte." It is notorious that Bonaparte conceived the plan for retaking Toulon without making a regular siege from the land side; he made it impossible, by placing a battery on a certain cape, for the English fleet to remain in port, and when the English had retired, Toulon was easily captured. Barras takes great pains in his memoirs to minimize the part taken by Bonaparte and to magnify his own. He calls Bonaparte "mon petit protégé," and assumes a great superiority over him. "We are," he says, "generally disposed to a certain kindness, even to a certain admiration, for the man who in a frail body shows more strength than nature seems to have given him." He found in Bonaparte a certain likeness to Marat. "I saw a good deal of the latter on the benches of the Convention and even previously." The portraits of young Bonaparte and of Marat do not show the smallest likeness, and it is almost incredible that Barras should have discovered any.

The siege of Toulon was a great triumph for the republican army: after the operations of this siege, Barras returned to Paris. The Terror was at its height, and Robespierre had become a sort of Dictator. Barras was not without some uneasiness; he had been accused of many corrupt practices while he was in the south of France, and the "incorruptible" Robespierre was not lenient—his will was supreme in the Executive Committee of Public Safety:

"I had already," says Barras, "been two days in Paris, quite dumbfounded by what was going on, putting questions to everybody which received but evasive answers, when I seemed to wake up on hearing that my arrival was known to the members of the Committee of Public Safety, and that they were surprised that I had not yet brought my accounts and paid my respects to them. I went in consequence to the committee; Robespierre, Billaud, Carnot, Barère, Prieur de la Côte d'Or, Robert Lindet, were in session. I imagined that I had a right to find in their attitude the expression of some satisfaction. . . . The members of the Committee, seeing me come in, remained sitting and mute, their eyes fixed on their portfolios."

In the Convention, Barras received the felicitations of the assembly; we see in this contrast the germ of the division which culminated in the famous revolution of the Ninth Thermidor. "Robespierre had attained to a true Dictatorship by his reputation for incorruptibility and, so to speak, immobility; he had never varied in language, in manners, or in dress. He was always powdered, though powder was proscribed, atrabilious, sad, just as he had presented himself to the States-General." Barras thought it necessary to pay a visit to Robespierre, in the little house which he inhabited in the Rue Saint-Honoré. He dared not go alone, and was accompanied by Fréron. They were very coldly received; Robespierre finished his toilet before them, and hardly opened his mouth. Soon afterwards Danton was arrested and executed. On his way to the guillotine he passed before the house of Robespierre. He rose a moment on the bench to which he was tied, and, with his powerful voice, screamed, "You will follow us soon." After the sacrifice of Danton and the Dantonists, the remaining members of the Convention lived in perpetual fear. The real power was in the Executive Committees, and in the Club of the Jacobins, where Robespierre was omnipotent. Barras, feeling himself despised by Robespierre, tried, at the risk of his life, to form in the Convention the nucleus of an opposition to Robespierre and the Committees. He always wore arms. The first nucleus of the Thermidorians was composed of only seven members. We shall see now how the drama of Thermidor developed itself, and what a prominent part Barras took in it.

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON'S ANCESTRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A close examination of the records of Westmoreland and Northumberland Counties, Va., made several months ago, has possessed me of facts which may be of interest to some of your readers. The will of Col. John Washington, the immigrant, speaks of a second wife, but it has been supposed that this wife (name unknown) preceded Anne Pope. I am satisfied that the first wife of Col. Washington was Anne Pope, and that the second wife was Anne, widow of Walter Brodhurst. But, more than that, he had a third wife whose existence has never been dreamed of—a widow, Frances, daughter of Col. Thomas Gerrard, formerly of the Council of Maryland.

Now for the proof. From the records it appears that Walter Brodhurst died between January 26 and February 12, 1659, respectively the dates of making and proving his will, and that Anne Pope was certainly wife of Washington previous to May 11, 1659, when she received a gift from her father, Col. Nathaniel Pope, under the name of "Anne Pope, *alias* Washington." But that she was not Walter Brodhurst's widow is shown by the record of a suit, September 20, 1659, in which this lady appears as "Anne, the relict and widow of Walter Brodhurst." Ten days later Washington wrote to the Governor of Maryland that "all the company and gossips were invited to see his young son baptized," which could not have been over eight months after the death of Walter Brodhurst. The son was baptized during the marriage with Anne Pope, and it must be remembered that when Washington came to Virginia in 1656, aged about twenty-five, he stayed at the house of Col. Nathaniel Pope, where, perhaps, his affections ripened for her, and a marriage shortly afterwards ensued.

But in 1670 appears this entry, under a statement of accounts:

"We whose names are here underneath subscribed according to order of Westm^{r}land Court bearing date the 28th of Septemb^{r} 1670, having ꝑused the Gen^{ll} & ꝑticular Accounts Exhibited unto us by Lt. Coll. John Washington who married Anne the relict of M^{r} Henry Brett late of y^{e} County Deced, wee have examined y^{e} whole Inventory & Debts of y^{e} said Henry Brett And we Doe finde that M^{rs} Anne Brett als Washington hath paid beyond assetts the sum of sixteen thousand three hundred twentie nine pounds of tobacco & caske [etc.] as witness our hands this 3^{d} of 9b^{r} 1670. John Ashton, William Horton. 9th of 9b^{br} 1670, This Report with y^{e} account annexed to it was Recorded."

In another place, under date of May 31, 1671, Mr. Samuel Brett of Plymouth, merchant, empowers certain persons to execute a discharge to "Lt Coll Washington who Intermarried with M^{rs} Ann Brett y^{e} Relict & administratrix of Henry Brett of Plymouth merchant deceased."

An inspection of the will of Col. Washington, as published in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, dated September 21, 1675, and proved January 10, 1677, clearly shows that the wife Anne therein mentioned was not the mother of the three children named Lawrence, John, and Anne, but the dead wife mentioned. Now who was the Anne Washington of the will? No other than Anne, the widow of Walter Brodhurst, who in the interval since his death had picked up Mr. Henry Brett, who, like most of the leading Virginia merchants, had business in both countries. This is shown by a letter of Col. Chester to Mr. Brock, which contains a copy of an old document in the Diocesan registry at Lichfield, dated April 12, 1678, evidencing that Walter Brodhurst, her son, "was granted administration of the goods of Anne Washington, alias Brodhurst, late of Washington parish, in y^{e} County of Westm^{r}land, in y^{e} countrey of Virginia."

Now in Westmoreland there is a marriage contract between Col. John Washington and Frances Appleton, widow of Capt. John Appleton (*née* Frances Gerrard), dated May 10, 1676, showing that Mrs. Anne Washington, the second, must have died previous to that date.

The will of Henry Brett was probably recorded in England, and its discovery might lead to some further facts. But I would refer such of your readers as would like a view of the documents upon which the statement above is compiled to the forthcoming July number of the *William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine*.

In the letter to Mr. Brock, kindly furnished me, Col. Chester states that "one of his maxims is that there is nothing impossible in genealogy." And the narrative above seems to point that way. What right had John Washington, the ancestor of the Father of his Country, to worry the genealogists in the manner he has done—marry two Annes and

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then, surreptitiously, as it were, slip in a third wife between the date and proof of his will?

LYON G. TYLER.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., May 27, 1895.

A GRIEVANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with pleasure the favorable notice of the first two parts of my Assyrian-English-German Dictionary in the *Nation* of April 18, 1895, and I beg to say that I have seen thus far nothing but favorable reviews of my book, with one single exception. To this latter I wish to call, in the name of justice, your readers' attention.

Two years ago a young Assyriologist and managing editor of the American *Journal of Semitic Languages* offered himself to me as co-editor of my Dictionary. The offer had to be declined, for reasons apparent to every Assyriologist. Therewith the matter rested for the time being. When, in the early half of September, 1894, the first part of my Dictionary appeared, I noticed at once that, owing to the fact of having read but one proof of the greater part of it, many of my corrections had been executed either not at all or wrongly, and, also, that I had overlooked errors which could not easily be detected in a first proof of so intricate a material as my Dictionary, containing, on every page, hundreds of abbreviations and references, and being, on the whole, pioneer work. At a great financial loss I cancelled the issue at once, and notice was sent by my publishers to all journals that had already received review copies, requesting them to please postpone reviews until the appearance of the revised issue. To this the editors of all those journals agreed with the one exception referred to above. I had personally asked the editors of this journal to postpone review of part i., stating that the original issue had been withdrawn, and the managing editor assured me that no respectable journal would notice this first issue, knowing that a revise was forthcoming. Of course, I relied upon the promise of this gentleman.

The revise of part i. appeared in the early days of January last, and a copy was promptly sent to the editors. Last week—that is, more than four months later—there was published in this *Journal of Semitic Languages* a review not of the revise of part i.—which, by the way, is not noticed at all—but of the original issue, which had been cancelled immediately upon its publication, and notice of which fact had been sent to all journals. The review is ostensibly written by another Assyriologist, who, as my successor in a Western institution, took this opportunity to prove to the outside world his great scientific superiority. Assyriologists, of course, will see at once the cause for this most cold-blooded attack, but the general reader of this Semitic journal, unaware of the facts stated above, will easily be misled. Both editor and reviewer, by the way, are Christian ministers.—Yours respectfully,

W. MUSS-ARNOLT.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 27, 1895.

JURY EXPERIMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The provision in the proposed Constitution of Utah for trials by juries of less than twelve, and for the finding of verdicts by a less number than the whole, is not entirely novel. The present Constitution of Louisiana, adopted in 1879, provides, "in cases where the penalty is not necessarily imprisonment at hard labor or death, the General Assembly may provide for the trial thereof by a jury less than twelve in number"; in civil cases the number of jurors is twelve, but the General Assembly "may provide that a verdict be rendered by the concurrence of a less number than the whole." To carry out these constitutional provisions the Legislature of 1880 passed two acts—in the one, providing that, "for the trial of all criminal cases where the penalty is not necessarily imprisonment at hard labor or death, said trial shall be before a jury composed of five persons; *provided*, that the accused may waive trial by jury and be tried by the court"; the other act of 1880 provides that in civil cases a verdict may be found by nine jurors.—Very respectfully,

ROBERT H. MARX.

NEW ORLEANS, May 29, 1895.

Notes.

A VOLUME of essays by Prof. Edward Dowden, 'New Studies in Literature,' and a translation, fully illustrated, of Dr. Crestos Tsountas's 'The Mycenæan Civilization' are in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A photographically illustrated 'Atlas of Fertilisation and Karyokinesis,' by Prof. Edward B. Wilson and Dr. Edward Leaming, is announced by Macmillan & Co., together with 'The Modern Reader's Bible,' "a series of books from the Sacred Scriptures presented in modern literary form," edited by Prof. Richard G. Moulton, of the University of Chicago.

Brentano's will market here the forthcoming (London) '*Times* Atlas,' to be completed in fifteen weekly parts.

Renan's touching and beautiful memorial of his sister, 'Ma Sœur Henriette,' has hitherto been known rather by its reputation than from actual knowledge. Some parts of it have been given to readers by one periodical or another, but the book itself has been very difficult to obtain. Only ninety-nine copies of it were printed, and these were given away to intimate friends and have been objects of pious care. On the few occasions when a copy has figured at a book-sale it has brought four or five hundred francs. A new edition of the volume will be published during the present month with illustrations by M. Ary Renan.

M. Paul Mariéton has in press a new work on the literary history of the Midi entitled 'Histoire d'une Renaissance'—the genesis of the Félibrige. It comprehends the epoch just previous to the Félibrige properly so called, and treats of its great forerunners, La Bellaudière, Saboly, Goudelin, the Abbé Favié, as well as such immediate predecessors as Jasmin and Roumanille. The book closes with the appearance of 'Mireille' in 1854. M. Mariéton is a militant *félibre*, and has already appeared as the author of 'Terre Provençale.'

M. Régnier, sometime a well-known actor, who had played Molière in connection with the chief artists of the century, had the design of annotating, for the use of players, all the works of that great writer. But he died before he had accomplished his task. He left complete no more than his annotations upon "Tartufe," which are now just appearing. The play is preceded by a detailed analysis of each of its characters, and many indications are given of stage traditions of the great actors who have played these rôles, of stage settings, and the like. The volume is entitled 'Le Molière des Comédiens,' and has been edited by Mme. Henriette Régnier, a daughter of the author, and by M. Legouvé.

In 'Der Anekdotenschatz Bacon-Shakspere's,' Edwin Bormann, the Leipzig author-publisher, follows up his 'Shakspere-Geheimniss' with the same scholarly air and capital sense of book-making, but with the same futility. He now passes from Bacon's philosophical works to his 'Apophthegmes New and Old,' and selectively shows how they hark back to "Shakspere's" plays, and so confirm the theory of a single personality and authorship. Where the resemblance in phraseology is close, Mr. Bormann sees Bacon's fondness for analogies; where it is remote and casual, his fondness for antitheses. The following is a fair sample: (Bacon) "Nero was wont to say of his master Seneca, that his stile was like mortar of sand without lime"; ("Midsummer Night's Dream," v. i.) "Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?" Mr. Bormann announces an English translation of his earlier work, 'The Shakspere Secret,' by Harry Brett, to appear early in October.

Brentano's sends us Gustav A. Seyler's 'Illustrirtes Handbuch der Ex-Libris-Kunde' (Berlin: J. A. Stargardt), an agreeable little side-pocket introduction to the fad of the hour, illustrated copiously and with taste, and furnished with lists of Ex-Libris societies, literature, periodicals, collections; designers and engravers of book-plates, etc. With German system Herr Seyler sets forth the various modes of indicating the ownership of a book, in their historical development; and it is well to remember that wood-engraving preceded copper, and may still assert its supremacy if rightly executed. We are taught how to describe a book-plate as to right and left, its dimensions, etc., and what are the conventional engraver's lines in heraldic representation. Our scruples are silenced as to robbing books of their plates, and the mode of despoiling with lukewarm water or alcohol is revealed. Finally, we are shown the different ways in which collections can be arranged.

The various addresses which the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Satolli, has delivered in this country, have been collected and published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, under the title, 'Loyalty to Church and State.'

Two valuable compilations of laws relating to the "labor question" are before us. The smaller and more practical (published by Macmillan) is by the well-known writer upon trade-unions, George Howell, M. P., and is nominally a new edition of his 'Handy-Book of the Labor Laws,' which appeared in 1876. But there has been so much important legislation since then, and so many decisions have been made by the courts upon the numerous statutes affecting employers and workmen, that this work consists to a large extent of new matter. The aim of the author is to furnish workmen with a manual of their statutory rights and privileges, and of rules and forms to be observed in maintaining them. The book is very well adapted for its purpose, and is interesting as showing the progress made during the last thirty years in removing legal disabilities from workmen and transferring them, to some extent, to their employers.

Much more comprehensive is the 'Lois Sociales' of MM. Joseph Chailley-Bert and Arthur Fontaine (Paris: Léon Chailley). This is nothing less than a digest of the laws of France bearing upon the social condition of its inhabitants. It includes not only the laws now in force, but many that have been repealed, and is, of course, a bulky volume. The method employed is to classify the laws ac-

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cording to their subject, and when so classified to present them in chronological order. The great rubrics are: Labor, Providence, Property, and Protection and Assistance. Under the head of Labor we have first a chapter upon the individual, and then a chapter upon associations. The individual is considered with reference to the contract for work, the search for work, holidays and limitations of labor, wages and means of subsistence, credit, controversies, etc. The same systematic method is followed throughout; both chronological and analytical indexes are provided; and, as the start is made from the declaration of the rights of man in 1789 and the abolition of the guilds in 1791, the student is enabled to review the social history of the century to great advantage.

Mrs. Custer's 'Tenting on the Plains,' which we reviewed on its publication by C. L. Webster & Co. in 1888, reappears from the press of the Harpers in the more convenient form of a post-octavo, unaltered except by the omission of a biographical sketch of Gen. Custer and of three chapters of letters, chiefly his. This charming record of a life that can never be reproduced bears reperusal well, and the reader of the army novel whose plot requires intrigue and detraction should enjoy this ingenuous story of real life, unmarred by gossip or the appearance of evil. Mrs. Custer has the happy faculty of painting life with no more shadows, and those only nature's own, than nature requires to bring out the tones; and one may take these frank sketches as almost photographic reproductions of experience in bayou, plain, and cantonment. Her home and her heart are open to the world, but the world can learn from them only lessons of affectionate devotion. It is hardly fair to Kansas to reproduce (p. 221), with the title "Kansas in 1866 and Kansas to-day," a map that was probably true as drawn when the book was written, without explaining that "to-day" has receded nearly a decade. And Texas might object to the maps (p. 19) of "Texas in 1866 and 1886," as implying that there has been no advance in the last nine years. Grasshoppers, drought, and Populism are not the only products of either State; and, despite the plagues of gods and men, the prairie world does not stand still. There was a rumor that Mrs. Custer would cast into shape for print army tales beyond her personal experience; that she was gathering material, if not for a romance, at least for a collection of incidents that might or might not have a common thread. That venture would be a new one, but the demand that led to this reprint should encourage her to consider the project. She has made so many friends through her inartificial books that she may be sure of readers to welcome a fresh one, even on different lines.

For forty years we have witnessed experiments in intercollegiate magazines, and not one has gained a permanent footing or demonstrated its excuse for being, from Joseph Cook's down. We now have the *Bachelor of Arts*, published at 15 Wall Street, under the editorship of John Seymour Wood. Twenty-five colleges furnish forth a formidable "Advisory Board." The form we cannot think well chosen, being slab-sided as if for the pocket. Besides the contributed articles, there are regular "Comments on University News," edited by Edward S. Martin, to which it seems appropriate to give a humorous cast; and an "Athletic Department," edited by Walter Camp. Book notices bring up the rear, and are unsigned. We reserve further comment. We have found most interesting the unfinished article, "An American Collegian at Oxford," by John Corbin, and Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's excerpts from Emily Dickinson's prose and verse.

England is such an old, variously settled, and long-undisturbed country that it is especially rich in archæological interests. Among these are Deneholes, concerning which there is an interesting illustrated article in the April number of the *Reliquary* (London: Bemrose). The origin of these curious shafts and chambers sunk in the chalk formation (more especially in the valley of the Thames) is still shrouded in mystery. No reasonable theory has been put forward as to their origin and use. They date back possibly to the period of the Roman occupation of Britain. Camden, in the first English edition of his 'Britannia,' published in 1610, furnishes a rude illustration, and remarks, in connection with Tilbury fort: "Neere unto this place, there bee certaine holes, in the rising of a chalky hill, sunke into the ground tenne fathoms deepe, the mouth whereof is but narrowe, . . . but within they are large and spacious." The Essex Field Club has done good work in excavating and exploring those indicated by Camden, situated within a mile and a half of Grays, which is but an hour's railroad journey from London. It is well to add that without previous arrangement there are no means of descending or exploring.

The latest number of Petermann's *Mitteilungen* contains a summary of the newest hydrographic researches in the Baltic Sea, and a report from Dr. Sven Hedin of his recent exploration of the little Kara-kul lake in the Pamir. It derives its name, "Black Lake," from the fact that, on account of the wind, its surface is rarely covered with snow. The ice, as well as the water, is extraordinarily clear, and the weeds on the bottom at a depth of seventy feet can be plainly seen. The Kirghiz say that "the stars sparkle in it at night as in the heavens themselves." Dr. Karl Dove treats of the water-supply of German southwest Africa.

A recent number of the Danish *Geografiske Tids-skrift* contains an account of an expedition that was to leave Copenhagen early in May for the purpose of investigating the shores of Greenland. A liberal appropriation has been made by the *Rigsdag*, which will also cover the expense of a second voyage next summer, the climatic conditions limiting the work to four months. Besides the usual crew and officers, the party will consist of three zoölogists, a botanist, and a chemist. As one result of the enterprise, it is hoped that sufficient material will be collected to insure the publication of the 'Conspectus Faunæ Groenlandicæ,' now in preparation. Attention will be directed chiefly towards Davis Strait and Baffin's Bay.

On or before May 1, 1896, essays of original research in competition for a prize of $200 must be sent in anonymously to the President of Brown University. The themes are (1) a critical comparison of the claims of Rhode Island and Maryland respectively to precedence in establishing religious liberty in America; (2) a critical history of the movement towards disestablishment and religious liberty in Connecticut, and (3) Massachusetts. The prize will be awarded at Commencement, 1896. The giver is a friend of the University.

A friend and alumnus of the Chauncy Hall School, Boston, has recently offered seventy-five volumes of Shakspere as prizes to the pupils for memorizing the works of that poet. At least a thousand lines must be committed to entitle one to the first prize. If the experiment proves a success, the prize will be renewed, either at the same school or at others.

A timely addition to the "Old South Leaflets" (Boston) is 'The Monroe Doctrine,' making No. 56. The form is handy, and the appended notes exhaust the subject bibliographically.

—Mr. Humphry Ward, if we may go behind his anonymity, has written from New York a letter to the London *Times* with regard to American museums, which appeared on April 22, and in which some sound conclusions are mingled with mistakes in detail. It is stated that "the galleries owe their origin to the benefaction of some private collector, who leaves his pictures to the town, with money to provide a building." Then comes the remark about the trustees, that they are appointed as "friends of the family"; and although this, like the statement above, is only now and then true, what follows is of general application. These trustees are chosen, Mr. Ward thinks, "because they are prominent citizens, and not because they know anything about art." Moreover, "with a body of this sort the choice of new objects is apt to be of a somewhat nondescript kind. . . . We in Europe have long since discovered that the only way . . . is to appoint a really qualified man as director . . . and to fetter his discretion as little as possible. It is in this way that the National Gallery was raised by Sir Frederic Burton from a second-rate to a first rate position, and it is in this way that the Berlin Gallery, under Dr. Bode, has rapidly become its rival." An American who has watched the museums of his own country would be apt to say that purchase by opportunity has been the rule followed. A collection of porcelains, of engravings, or of ancient glass, a private gallery of old or modern pictures, is offered for sale. For some reason this particular opportunity excites interest; some money is offered towards its purchase provided more can be raised, and the remainder is raised by personal appeal. Other, generally smaller, collections are presented in single gifts. In this way of course the opportunities lost are apt to be fully as important as those improved, and if the complete record of any American museum could be made up, and the might-have-been compared with what is, the reading of it would surprise the more instructed public. Seldom has it been the case that a given work of art or a collection has been purchased deliberately and because it was felt to be the thing most needed. Never, it is safe to say, has an American museum raised any considerable fund and expended it with deliberation in buying as a thoroughly well-informed citizen would buy for himself. The apparent exceptions are those cases in which a definite sum has been set aside for the preliminary purchasing, and that sum put into the hands of a competent expert, as when Mr. Edward Robinson was employed to buy for the Slater Museum at Norwich.

—Mr. Ward calls attention to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts as being fortunate in having experts in charge of two of its departments—Mr. Robinson, above named, for classical antiquities, and, for Japanese art, Messrs. E. F. Fenollosa and E. S. Morse. It is an oversight that the sympathetic and devoted man who fills the place of director should not have been named. Mr. Charles G. Loring is not exactly an archæologist nor an expert in any one branch of fine art, but he is what is more needed in a place like his, a man with a

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catholic taste, a hearty and reverential love for the works of art in his charge, and with a wide knowledge and sound judgment as to the field from which other works of art are to be drawn. As regards the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, the account of its foundation and its singular relations with the city authorities is fairly correct. No very marked error occurs except the mention among the founders of the museum of two gentlemen who had nothing to do with it, and were named probably because they were well-known New Yorkers twenty years ago. The pictures, as a whole, are well characterized, the important ones chosen out for mention with good judgment, and, except that Mr. Ward thinks less of the "large and expensive casts and models" than the committees in charge would approve, the collections other than pictures are also well described. Especially just is the statement that in general the American collector of "Orientals" has gone straight to China and Japan, and has found his treasures "in the houses of the mandarins and the daimios, whose taste has always been different from that of the European collector, and, we may fairly say, purer."

—In the course of an article in the May number of the *Rundschau*, Herman Grimm makes some interesting comments upon the spirit of the age. The paramount value which attaches to the present moment he regards as the most striking characteristic of our time. We are absorbed in the life which we and our contemporaries are living; the past has lost its power to hold us; we are concerned only with what is new and alive, discarding the old and outlived; and the newspaper, as the purveyor of novelty and the universal means of communication between men, has become the chief factor in the machinery of modern civilization. "An irresistible impulse to feel free from the conditions which the past imposes" has seized upon Grimm himself; and the author of the 'Life of Michael Angelo' admits that he is no longer able to interest himself in the study of the past. Others, he says, have confessed to a similar experience. The forms of those elder times are fading; only a few, Christ, Homer, Shakspere, Goethe, still retain their outlines, for these have their being in an "everlasting now." "It is as if we had suddenly been transported into a new existence and had been permitted to take only our hand-luggage with us." The hatred with which Socialists look upon history, the resentment with which young writers of the Ibsen stamp regard other forms of literature, and the contempt which the secessionists feel for the older schools of painting, are all the products of this spirit. Much laborious burrowing is still going on among the dust-heaps of antiquity, but the faith of the public in the magic power of these things is gone; in Grimm's opinion, antiquarian research leads to nothing but the storing up of the "eternal-fragmentary." What we demand to-day is the new and novel; and we do not ask that it be great and good. The newspapers meet this demand; "they march at the head of our literary progress." These are strange words from that classic pen, and they seem to have been written without resentment or regret. They are the dispassionate statement of what the writer sees going on about him and reacting upon himself. He sees the past behind him wrapped in silence and studded with gravestones, and upon the palace of the Present he would inscribe the words of Bürger:

"Ach, lass sie ruh'n die Todten!"

—The centenary of the Paris École Normale Supérieure furnishes the occasion for the publication, by that institution, of a work which will contain, among other matter, the history of the 'École Normale de l'an III.,' by M. Paul Dupuy, favorably known by previous contributions to the history of that famous school, and notably by his volume entitled, 'L'École Normale (1810-1883): Notice historique, Liste des Élèves par promotions, Travaux littéraires et scientifiques.' M. Dupuy's latest researches have been in the direction of the origin and character of the idea leading to the foundation of the Paris Normal School by the decree of the Convention of the 9th Brumaire, An III. (October 30, 1794), and they will manifestly enrich the history of education with a chapter of more than ordinary interest. The idea of providing an institution for the training of principals and teachers for secondary schools had occupied the University as early as 1645; it had been resumed by the Parlement of Paris in 1761, after the expulsion of the Jesuits, and by the Church in 1780. Through educational reformers like Barletti de Saint-Paul and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, it had been brought to the notice of the Government of the Revolution. But a far more important and effective impulse came from Alsace, and, through Alsace, from Germany. The account of this predominating influence of Alsace—"the only province of ante-revolutionary France able to furnish ideas and models" for popular instruction—in the history of the foundation of the École Normale is given in the section of M. Dupuy's work now published in advance in the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement* for April. Many data, supported by documentary evidence, leave no doubt of the fact which the author seeks to establish. In July, 1793, during the discussion of a plan submitted by Robespierre, the idea and the name of *écoles normales pour former des instituteurs* were put forward. The law by which, in the following year, the Paris École Normale was established, provided that its students should go out and open other normal schools in the departments, just as the École des Armes sent its graduates from the *cours pour les poudres et salpêtres* back into their districts, there to organize manufactures of arms and gunpowder—two applications of the revolutionary method created by the Committee of Public Welfare. "The famous École des Armes was the real prototype of the École Normale."

—Dr. Joseph Edkins of China, the veteran scholar in the comparative philology of the Far East, contributes to the *Japan Mail* of March 30 a valuable paper on "The Origin of the Japanese." He gives the results of a searching study and wide comparison of the words used for numbers. The principle upon which he proceeds is that close resemblances are likely to be accidental, while slight resemblances are likely to be real. Between the Ainos and the Japanese the ten cardinal numbers differ so widely that we are forced to seek for kindred names of number on the Continent. Giving results and omitting details of processes, we find Dr. Edkins identifying the Japanese and Turkish words for one, four, seven, and nine, as of the same root and branch. He sums up his philological argument by concluding that at one time the Japanese were nomads in Siberia, and neighbors to the Turks and Mongols. Only after they reached "Nippon [Hondo]" and Kiushiu did they become acquainted with the Chinese. The sources of the contrariness between the Chinese and the Japanese are to be sought in the choice of a settled agricultural life by the one, and by the other of nomadic freedom. Dr. Edkins thinks it is quite possible to discover where the Japanese lived before they conquered the islands in which they now live. He urges that the scientific and comparative method be applied to the mythology and legends of both insulars and continentals.

—In primeval days, when the Japanese were far away in the north among the Tatar races, they, though remote from China, were sufficiently near the Indo-Germanic peoples to allow of and account for the rather large admixture of words common to the European and Japanese vocabularies. Dr. Edkins, in reasserting this fact, already known to students of the Japanese and the languages allied to or derivative from Sanskrit, refers, of course, to the old terms. A native writer, Mr. S. Fuzita, in *Shinri*, a Tokyo monthly magazine of scientific theology and philosophy, for March, 1895, discusses the modern phases of the subject. In his paper, "The European Elements in the Japanese Vocabulary," he gives a surprisingly large number of exotics which have become thoroughly domesticated. Omitting those words inherited from the sixteenth-century Portuguese and Spanish missionaries, and recently introduced Christian and theological terms, we note the wide range of the borrowing. The Dutch, Russian, and French, in their order, contribute the greater number of the contingent of expressions not taken from the English, which latter furnishes both single words and phrases. Noticeable is the proportion of words beginning with *g*, an initial letter rarely found in pure Japanese vocables; with *l*, a letter, or rather a sign-sound, unknown in the native syllabary; and *p*, which, as a rule, commences only onomatopes. We select a few of the new elements of Japanese conversation and ordinary public discourse: Bucket, butter, baby, beef, cheese, chair, influenza, ink, handkerchief, jam, ginger beer, halt, flag, cabbage, cholera, match, milk, napkin, overcoat, omelette, all right, organ, lemonade, ribbon, sandwich, sausage, cigar, cigarette, seat, stew, curry, soda, soap, soup, tobacco, violin, arch, ice-cream, etc., etc. The tendency to variety in pronunciation and spelling is corrected by the standard *kana* transliteration of the Tokyo newspapers and magazines.

—A century of existence for any institution west of the Alleghenies is a long period, and the University of Tennessee could claim this last year only by overlooking a period of suspended animation in 1808–1820, as we make out from Mr. Edward T. Sanford's interesting historical address just published by the University. The original Blount College was founded in Knoxville in the midst of Indian alarms, as, to compare small things with great, the University of Berlin was founded during Prussia's abasement to Napoleon's conquering arms; but Mr. Sanford does not fail to point out that in a slaveholding society there was no substratum of public schools for the higher education to rest upon. He has a hard task in defending the dealings of the founders and their fellow-squatters with the Indians; but the bad faith by which the college profited in the beginning was avenged by the perfidy that marked the State's execution of its pledge to Congress to endow the college with lands. Blount College, which nearly perished on being made East Tennessee College in 1807, was rescued from the grave by a union with the younger Hampden-Sidney Academy in

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1820, under the new name; in 1840 it was magnified into a university, still local; in 1869 the State made it the beneficiary of the Congressional land grant for the founding of an Agricultural College, but with onerous conditions and without a particle of State aid, and even with a mean deduction from the fund of the expenses attending the sale of the scrip, as well as a dishonest failure to preserve inviolate the interest on the fund derived from the proceeds. In fact, Mr. Sanford's address is chiefly valuable as a contribution to the history of a too notorious trait of Southern character in the treatment of solemn public obligations, especially pecuniary. In 1879, the institution became the State University, and, in 1893, following the example of similar foundations, admitted women to its teachings, as Blount College had begun by doing.

COLERIDGE AS A LETTER-WRITER.

Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 2 vols., with portraits. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

It is not the fault of the editor if these letters are somewhat disappointing, as, for the most part, we must confess they are. There are interesting and touching passages, but they bear a small proportion to the mass, and these two portly volumes are rather materials for a biography than pleasant reading in themselves. Coleridge has no personal worshippers and few philosophical worshippers left to care for the commonplace details of his life. Literary form or grace the letters have none. Considering his indolence, Coleridge seems to have been a most voluminous correspondent, but with the possible exception of the five autobiographical letters addressed to Thomas Poole, none of the letters can have been intended for publication. The character of the writer, however, appears plainly enough, and we once more smile at the comical contrast between the magisterial morality of the philosopher and the pitiable weakness of the man.

Coleridge, at all events, understood himself and his own mental history.

"So," he says, referring to his early love of fairy-tales and ghost-stories, "I became a dreamer and acquired an indisposition to all bodily activity; and I was fretful and inordinately passionate; and as I could not play at anything and was slothful, I was despised and hated by the boys; and because I could read and spell and had, I may truly say, a memory and understanding forced into almost unnatural ripeness, I was flattered and wondered at by all the old women."

From his childhood his mind had "been habituated to the Vast," and he "never regarded his senses in any way as the criteria of his belief." He would see armies of ugly spectres rushing upon him, and his good angel keeping them off. The man of whom this boy was the father might well in after-life reply to a lady who had asked him whether he believed in ghosts, "No, madam, I have seen too many of them."

Here is a piece of frank self-portraiture:

"As to me, my face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth, and great, indeed, almost idiotic good nature. 'Tis a mere carcass of a face: fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. Yet I am told that my eyes, eyebrows, and forehead are physiognomically good; but of this the deponent knoweth not. As to my shape, 'tis a good shape enough if measured, but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates *indolence capable of energies.* I am, and ever have been, a great reader, and have read almost everything—a library cormorant. I am *deep* in all out-of-the-way books, whether of the monkish times or of the puritanical era. I have read and digested most of the historical writers; but I do not *like* history. Metaphysics and poetry and 'facts of mind'—that is, accounts of all the strange phantasms that ever possessed 'your philosophy'; dreamers, from Thoth the Egyptian to Taylor the English pagan, are my darling studies. In short, I seldom read except to amuse myself, and I am almost always reading. Of useful knowledge, I am a so-so chemist, and I love chemistry. All else is *blank*; but I *will* be (please God) an horticulturist and a farmer. I compose very little, and I absolutely hate composition; and such is my dislike that even a sense of duty is sometimes too weak to overpower it.

"I cannot breathe through my nose. So my mouth, with sensual thick lips, is almost always open. In conversation I am impassioned, and oppose what I deem error with an eagerness which is often mistaken for personal asperity; but I am ever so swallowed up in the *thing* that I perfectly forget my *opponent.*"

We looked with interest for some confirmation of Lamb's picture of the inspired charity boy at Christ's Hospital unfolding to the casual passer through the cloisters, who stood entranced to hear, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus. But we find none, and that figure must be relegated to the delightful dreamland of Elia. The letters tell us little about Christ's Hospital; they tell us more about Cambridge, where we behold the sage sitting down to dinner in the college hall "in silence except the noise of suction which accompanies his eating," and rising in silence as he sat down. With Cambridge, too, is connected the farcical episode of the enlistment of "Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke" in G Troop of the Fifteenth or King's Regiment of Light Dragoons. The officers seem to have been wonderfully kind to their amazing recruit. They detailed Silas to take care of a sick comrade, thinking that to this his valor and horsemanship were equal, though it would be interesting to know the sick comrade's report of his nurse. Captain Ogle, who was himself well educated, talks to Silas whenever he comes to the stables, and sends him wine when he is sick. Silas has also the luck to find in the pot-house where he is quartered a man, surely not a dragoon, "of the greatest information and the most original genius he ever lit upon," who keeps him awake till three in the morning with ontological disquisitions.

Of the Pantisocratic episode we also get a good deal, and once more laugh at the contrast between the magnificence of the vision and the childish helplessness of the visionary as soon as he essays to take the first step towards practical fulfilment. He records with pleasure that "Lushington and Edwards have declared the system impregnable, supposing the assigned quantum of virtue and genius in the first individuals." We can faintly trace in the letters the progress of the philosopher from necessarianism (going the length of the belief that thought is corporeal) and Pantisocracy to Christianity and Toryism, or at least hearty sympathy with the war against the Revolution. "I have snapped," says the ex-Revolutionist, "my squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition, and the fragments lie scattered in the lumber-room of penitence." In a letter to John Thelwall, who had decried Christianity as a mean religion, there is a long passage in Coleridge's best style to which Christian apologists may refer with advantage.

Meantime Coleridge had to choose his line in life and determine how he was to make his bread. What he would have preferred would be, "like the Indian Vishnu, to float about in an infinite ocean, cradled in the flower of the lotus, and wake once in a million years for a few minutes just to know that he was going to sleep a million years more." He protested against being set to keep a school or write for a newspaper. The man who advised him to do either of these two things "he could not love." Nor, we shrewdly suspect, would either the pupils of the school or the editor of the newspaper have had reason to love that man. To become a Unitarian minister, he finally resolved, was a less evil than starvation. There was no need to starve, at all events when an annuity had been given him by the Wedgwoods, if he could only, like Southey, have buckled down steadily to literary work. He could form elaborate plans for a literary life, but they remained unfinished, like "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan." All his speculations are fine, but the practice never corresponds to the speculation. Here is the programme for dealing with differences of opinion:

"I have laid down for myself two maxims, and, what is more, I am in the habit of regulating myself by them. With regard to others, I never controvert opinions except after some intimacy, and when alone with the person, and at the happy time when we both seem awake to our own fallibility, and then I rather state my reasons than argue against his. In general conversation to find out the opinions common to us, or at least the subjects on which difference of opinion creates no uneasiness, such as novels, poetry, natural scenery, local anecdotes, and (in a serious mood and with serious men) the general evidences of our religion. With regard to myself, it is my habit, on whatever subject I think, to endeavor to discover all the good that has resulted from it, that does result, or that can result. To this I bind down my mind, and, after long meditation in this tract, slowly and gradually make up my opinions on the quantity and nature of the evil. I consider this as the most important rule for the regulation of the intellect and the affections, as the only means of preventing the passions from turning reason into a hired advocate."

Nothing can be more admirable. But presently we have a narrative of an encounter with Godwin:

"I was disgusted at heart with the grossness and vulgar insanocecity of this dim-headed pig of a philosophocide, when, after supper, his ill stars impelled him to renew the contest. I begged him not to goad me, for that I feared my feelings would not long remain in my power. He (to my wonder and indignation) persisted (I had not deciphered the cause), and then, as he well said, I did 'thunder and lighten at him' with a vengeance for more than an hour and a half. Every effort of self-defence only made him more ridiculous. If I had been Truth in person, I could not have spoken more accurately; but it was Truth in a war-chariot, drawn by the three Furies, and the reins had slipped out of the goddess's hands! . . . Yet he did not absolutely give way till that stinging *contrast* which I drew between him as a man, as a writer, and a benefactor of society, and those of whom he had spoken so irreverently. In short, I suspect that I seldom, at any time and for so great a length of time, so continuously displayed so much power, and do hope and trust that never did I display one-half the scorn and ferocity."

It is true that, before the meeting with Godwin, Mary Lamb had made Coleridge "a glass of punch of most deceitful strength," and that he wrote "an affecting and eloquent" letter as apology next morning.

On the close, darkness descends out of which cries of moral agony are heard.

RECENT ENGLISH POETRY.

Some twenty years ago, in the "greenery-yallery" stage of the Grosvenor Gallery in London, it was visited by wandering Americans as a change from the smug proprieties of the

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Academy, though they often sought the latter temple of order again, as a change from the Grosvenor. In the latest English poetry, even in that which comes from the Bodley Head and the very headquarters of the *Yellow Book*, we see a reaction towards the standards of the Academy. It is well known that people sooner grow surfeited of the bizarre than even of the tame; and just now the Bodley Head is plainly disposed to forswear sack for a while, and live cleanly. The temporary outcome is, of course, commonplace. Lord de Tabley's new book, for instance, the second series of 'Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical' (London: Lane), has nothing in it to compare to the "Two Old Kings" of his former volume, and is not only tame in substance, but turgid. He transmutes Shakspere's *Cleopatra*, for instance, into this conventional and made-up creature (p. 8):

"So when proud Egypt in her fleet
Beat up, with canvas all unfurled,
Inflamed with Moreotic heat,
To wreck the realm and clutch the world;

"Drunk with the wine of prosperous hours,
Insane to hope the wildest good,
She, queenly crowned with lotus-flowers,
Swept silken-sailed across the flood;

"Came with mosquito-nets, and came
With eunuchs, a decrepit band,
While, doting at her apron, tame,
The great triumvir gave command.

"But when she saw her burning ships
And heard the roaring of the fire,
The wanton paled her painted lips
And fled the falcon Cæsar's ire."

Probably there is no better safeguard against bad taste, for poet or common man, than an adequate sense of the ludicrous. In this Lord de Tabley seems deficient. The want seems also shared by Mr. Matthew Hunt, author of 'The King's Daughter, and Other Poems' (Stock), or he would not have risked a verse like this (p. 7):

"Luscious-scented honeysuckle
Straggles o'er the hedge,
Bulrush black and hard to pluck 'll
Hide the water-hen whose chuckle
Comes from out the sedge;
Marigold a loveless luck 'll
Bring to those that falsely pledge."

Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, more guardedly, places at the head of his 'Lyrics' (Lane) some verses called "A Canticle of Common Things," and adheres manfully to his text. Yet his tone is good, and he gives us the satisfaction of choosing some unfamiliar themes, as water-newts and sky-rockets. This is perhaps the most graceful of his lays (p. 6):

AT TAN-YR-ALLT

Feathery woodlands, falling, dipping,
Down from the height to the river's edge;
Voice of the rivulet, dashing, dripping,
Crevice by crevice, ledge upon ledge;
Lawns high-sloping and sunlit spaces,
Glades that glimmer from crag to plain,
Shy unvisited secret places,
See, I fall at your feet again!

Voice of summer, delaying, coming,
Thrushes piping in bush and brake,
Bees round feathery catkins humming,
Buds that slumber and fear to wake;
Frail anemones, airy, slender,
Stars engendered of wind and dew,
Celandines faithful, violets tender,
Oh, to be worthy to sing of you!

Even this, it must be owned, ends tamely. Mr. Benson, who is an instructor at Eton College, dedicates his volume to Mr. Edmund Gosse. Mr. Gosse himself, who, out of all his various languages and literatures, has never yet extracted one really impressive or haunting poem, gives us in this volume, 'In Russet and Silver' (Chicago: Stone & Kindall), nothing else so felicitous as the title and the binding. Both these are effective; but he translates from the Dutch, the Swedish, and the Spanish, with the usual tame result, and imitates the Elizabethan lyrists and masquers without once catching their note. His meditations on his own advancing years are perhaps as much in earnest as anything he writes, but are scarcely attuned to music (p. 4):

"So, not forgetful of the past,
Nor sulking that it did not last;
Rememb'ring, like a song's lost notes,
The gleaming husks of my wild oats;

"Not, priggish, glorying in a boast
That I have never lov'd nor lost;
Not, puritanic, with a flail
Destroying others' cakes and ale:

"But, with new aims and hopes, prepare
To love earth less and more haunt air;
And be as thankful as I can
To miss the beast that harries man."

Mr. William Watson's new volume, 'Odes and Other Poems' (Macmillan), contains a poem addressed to Mr. Benson as a brother bard. Mr. Watson's muse is one of those painfully checked by publicity; he promised at first a clearer and simpler note than his fellows, and one still detects the flavor of Wordsworth and sometimes of Matthew Arnold. But, like the latter, he is academic; and there is no such stress of culture and of experience as that which forced itself through Arnold's natural restraints. Watson is placid and jejune; he never repels, but he does not kindle.

A placid evenness is what one always expects from the patient literary workman, Mr. Alfred Austin, and his 'Madonna's Child' (Macmillan)—a reprint of the second act of "The Human Tragedy"—forms no exception to his literary record. It contains, however, some pleasing Italian descriptions. The volume of 'Poems,' by John Devenish Hoppus (Bentley), is published by a sister, the well-known novelist Mrs. Alfred Marks, in memory of a brother who died fifteen years ago, a young medical student, to whom she attributes an intense earnestness and mental activity which are not, perhaps, fully represented in these verses. The most imaginative among them is the "Doch-an-Dorrach," or death-song (p. 75), which might well have prefigured his own departing. 'A Book of Words, reprinted in part from *Punch*, by A. A. S., editor and translator of "The Inspector-General" (a Russian comedy), with a few sketches by the Author' (Constable), is one of those laborious English collections of the flattest rhythmic jokes, worthy only of the dance-hall in quality and wholly exhausting to the feeblest American mind. There is plenty of rattling pun and ready rhyming; and yet "the heart misdoubting asks, Can this be joy?" Perhaps as good a joke as any is the transmutation of Whit Monday into Whit-manday—"A Bank-Holiday Impression," followed by dithyrambics which begin as follows (p. 103):

"Starting from my diggings near the Circus, where I keep,
Over an Aerated Bread Shop (which people who ought to know better will persist in calling Areated),
Now this Fourteenth of May, Eighteen-Hundred-and-Ninety-four, having put on my last season's top-hat and my grey-striped nether-garments, unmentionable, but in fairly good repair, and not yet frayed at the edges,
(Camerado, whoever you are, I care not, I take you by the button-hole, I chant in your ear this poem of details, I insist on your listening to these personal details, I dig you in the ribs. Libertad for ever!)
Aware of the fact that this is Bank Holiday,
Aware of the fact that the place is chockfull of 'Arries and 'Arriets, two and two, but occasionally ten in a row. . . ."

'Rhymes of Rajputana,' by Col. G. H. Trevor, C. S. I., agent to the Governor-General of Rajputana (Macmillan), is a stately volume of Indian poems and lyrics, with a good deal that is interesting—in the notes. The verses themselves are so much less effective than those drawn from the same sources by Sir Edwin Arnold, or even by Kipling, that they have little positive worth; and there is a constant dipping into so-called Americanisms which would of itself be sufficient to show that their author, whatever else he may be, is clearly not an American. Thus, the following epistle, supposed to be written in 1764 by Raja Gaj Singh of Bikanis (p. 91):

"We little thought my friend our host
Was fooling us with elephant fights
And fountains playing, feasts and sights,
And dancing girls. What riles me most
Is—not the time in waiting lost
To hear if he would send his aid
To guard your fort against the raid
Of those Mahrattas who are round it
And growing much too strong, confound it!"

Much more serious and thoughtful, while also Oriental in spirit, is 'Homeward Songs by the Way,' by A. E. (Portland: Mosher), a little volume reprinted from a Dublin edition. The preface says: "I moved among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labors yet unaccomplished; but filled ever and again with homesickness I made these songs by the way." The poems have the mystic and sometimes incomprehensible quality that one might expect from such an origin. The best are those which were apparently produced during some stage of being in Hindostan.

'In a Garden, and Other Poems,' by the Rev. H. C. Beeching (London: Lane; New York: Macmillan), is another of the books that may be regarded by the publisher of Beardsley and of Wilde as a propitiation to the demurer public. Some of the poems are, indeed, avowedly religious, and may be the object of derision among the younger swaggerers who fiercely curl their moustaches and defy all that is *bourgeois*, around the approaches to the Bodley Head. The publisher himself seems bound to offer a like atonement to these darker and more heroic spirits, for he has put upon the title-page a strangely funereal and Beardsleyish approach to Mr. Beeching's otherwise cheerful garden. Nor can the fruits of this horticulture be regarded, in truth, as highly flavored; but the transplantations from the garden of Hellas, in the form of translations, are excellent.

In 'The Mummer, and Other Poems,' by Henry Gaëlyn (London: Stock), the title-poem has strength, but the best thing in the volume is this vigorous sermon on a Shakspere text:

"That land of such dear souls, that dear, dear land" (p. 17):

"O, England, God hath given thee quiet years,
And plenty, and great vantage, and wide sway;
But now dark clouds are closing round thy way,
And all that love thee are beset with fears;
Dreading to see thee humbled and in tears,
To hungry nations fallen an easy prey:
Most lamentable in thy swift decay,
A laughing-stock where once thou hadst no peers.

"Remember all thou boldest in thy hand.
Be vigilant, be strong, spare not thy store,
Nor yet with treacherous calms be thou beguiled.
A foeman's foot upon thy virgin shore
Would stamp thee ever as a thing defiled,
O land of such dear souls, O, dear, dear land!"

It certainly must be counted to the credit of the "Bodley Head" publishers that they have printed, in 'A Little Child's Wreath,' by Elizabeth Rachel Chapman (London: Mathews & Lane; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.), one of the most exquisite tributes ever paid by a mother's heart to the memory of a child. Mrs. Chapman calls herself "author of a companion to In Memoriam"; but this book is itself an In Memoriam of childhood, giving in a sequence of sonnets some faint reflection of that wonderful range of thought and cadence which made the elder and greater book an era in many sorrowing lives. Rising by varied steps above the personal anguish, she strikes at last a note so high as the following (No. xxxvii, p. 38):

Yea, lonely still and evermore without,
Shamed and forgotten by the weed-grown door,
Standeth the Christ, while rings the battle-shout,
While statesmen wrangle and while madmen roar.

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Spurned is the lord of peace, his message spurned
As when his people thorns for solace gave;
As when Servetus or when Cranmer burned,
Or England dared to side against the slave.

Hark, from the savage wilds they go to tame,
Hark, what discordant sounds affront the ear!
His very priests, contending in his name,
Make it a thing of hate and scorn and fear.

Only the child his loving liegeman is,
And lays a timid hand, consoled, in his.

The most refreshing break that occurs, however, among these rather monotonous English voices, is from that Celtic muse which we have before now pointed out as the healthiest and purest source of contemporary British literature. The note, the themes, the very localities which appear in Lionel Johnson's 'Poems' (London: Mathews; Boston: Copeland) afford a relief from much in the recent London tone. The author is, like Ernest Rhys, Welsh-born and English-bred; he boasts himself a "Wykehamist" of Winchester College; he takes pride in 'England's Excellence' as enough for him (p. 33). Yet his talk is of Tara and Inisfail; of Rhual and Clywyd. His lyric verses suggest that fresh cadence brought by Bliss Carman from Canada, and they might sometimes be mistaken for those of the younger poet (p. 17):

"Sea-gulls, wheeling, swooping, crying,
Crying over Maes Garmon's side!
Cold is the wind for your white wings flying;
Cold and dim is our gray spring-tide."

But the English poet is much maturer; he has, moreover, a vast array of friends, to one of whom he inscribes each poem, as becomes a member of the Rhymers' Club; he is a Roman Catholic, and, besides all this, one of the still undiscouraged worshippers of the soiled Parnell. But he is most inspired when he puts into verse the purely Celtic quality, as in this (p. 41):

"TO WEEP IRISH."

(To the Rev. Dr. William Barry.)

Long Irish melancholy of lament,
Voice of the sorrow that is on the sea:
Voice of that ancient mourning music sent
From Rama childless: the world wails in thee!

The sadness of all beauty at the heart,
The appealing of all souls unto the skies,
The longing locked in each man's breast apart,
Weep in the melody of thine old cries.

Mother of tears, sweet mother of sad sighs,
All mourners of the world weep Irish, weep
Ever with thee: while burdened time still flies,
Sorrows reach God through thee, and ask for sleep.

And though thine own unsleeping sorrow yet
Live to the end of burdened time, in pain,
Still sing the song of sorrow, and forget
The sorrow, in the solace, of the strain.

It is pleasing to an American to find that the genius of Hawthorne has also reached this young Celto-Englishman, who writes of our fellow-countryman in this fine manner (p. 43):

HAWTHORNE.

(To Walter Allison Phillips.)

Ten years ago I heard, ten have I loved,
Thine haunting voice borne over the waste sea.
Was it thy melancholy spirit moved
Mine, with those gray dreams that invested thee?
Or was it that thy beauty first reproved
The imperfect fancies that looked fair to me?

Thou hast both secrets, for to thee are known
The fatal sorrows binding life and death;
And thou hast found, on winds of passage blown,
That music which is sorrow's perfect breath:
So, all thy beauty takes a solemn tone,
And art is all thy melancholy saith.

Now, therefore, is thy voice abroad for me
When through dark woodlands murmuring sounds make way:
Thy voice, and voices of the sounding sea,
Stir in the branches, as none other may:
All pensive loneliness is full of thee,
And each mysterious, each autumnal day.

Hesperian soul! Well hadst thou in the West
Thine hermitage and meditative place;
In mild, retiring fields thou wast at rest,
Calmed by old winds, touched with aerial grace:
Fields whence old magic simples filled thy breast,
And unforgotten fragrance balmed thy face.

Reminiscences by Thomas M. Clark, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Rhode Island. T. Whittaker.

Bishop Clark's autobiography will make its most obvious appeal to those personal friends whose name is always legion where we have a man of his genial temper, a character so unascetic, a disposition so friendly to the pleasant side of life. It will appeal with almost equal emphasis to the ecclesiastics of his church, and to all who are interested in its history. Concerning this, as concerning his personal fortunes and achievements, his tone is as different as possible from that of certain other clerical autobiographers who have recently called attention to their unappreciated worth. We do not get the impression of any remarkable engrossment in either theological or practical affairs, and in the text we fail to find the magnificent ecclesiastic who confronts us in the photographic frontispiece. The tone throughout is rather secular than ecclesiastical, the insistence more on what is simply human and manly than on what is formal and official, the admiration of the writer going out to men less in proportion to their theological soundness or clerical efficiency than in proportion to their warmth of sympathy and their instincts of good fellowship. The concrete aspects of our American development have for him a peculiar fascination. In one of his chapters he gives a partial list of his lectures on lyceum and other platforms, and the general impression we receive is that of a mind extremely practical. One lecture, "The Living Machine," was delivered 350 times. He once detected an aged clergyman preaching a sermon on old age which had been written sixty years before. It would seem that "The Living Machine" must have run about as long. About 1850, heedless of Hosea Biglow's warning, then of recent date, he wrote a prophetic lecture, "The Next Fifty Years." There are not many prophecies in the Old Testament that have been so literally fulfilled. The palace-car and dining-car are there with our electrical street-lighting and lighthouses, the typewriter, and nominally the phonograph, the anticipation not extending to the details of Edison's machine.

If boastfulness is the distinguishing note of loyal churchmanship, Bishop Clark is not a loyal churchman, for boasting is not in his line. He is at no greater pains to make his church appear without blemish than was Dr. McConnell in his 'History of the American Episcopal Church,' published four or five years ago. He speaks of personal religion as something "of which the Episcopal Church in times gone by had no occasion to boast." Of the ministry as he found it in 1835 he has but feeble praise, and his depreciation of the earlier things is no mere background judiciously painted dark in order to bring out the later things into more forcible relief. His optimistic temper helps him to believe that there has been improvement on the whole, but his attitude towards the ritualistic tendency and the multiplication of guilds and other like appendages of the modern church, is rather that of amused endurance than of cordial acquiescence. This lack of absolute engagement, this absence of any high-and-mighty tone, is the more remarkable because Bishop Clark was not to the Episcopalian manner born, but to the Presbyterian, and for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church he was educated at Princeton. He made but brief trial, however, of the Presbyterian ministry. He says: "My entrance into the Episcopal Church was precipitated by consciousness of my unfitness to express in extemporaneous prayer the sentiments of an intelligent congregation whose Christian experience had in a great many cases been matured before I was born." He is more reticent about the other reasons for his change of base, but we are left to infer that the "new terms of communion in other bodies," anti slavery, total abstinence, and so on, made the Episcopal Church attractive for him in comparison, standing as it did "very much aloof from all forms of organization outside her own borders," "undisturbed by any matters pertaining to secular affairs."

The change in this respect has taken place, for the most part, since the war. There is a sign of this in the chapter on the General Convention which met at Richmond in 1859. There was great difficulty in finding a subject for a Pastoral Letter. "Lotteries, card-playing, dancing, horse-racing, and theatrical performances were suggested; but just how to discriminate in dealing with these evils—if they were evils at all—did not appear. . . . The result was the Church was blessed with no Pastoral that year." Bishop Clark was on the Pastoral Committee, and he thinks that "a gentle suggestion of [his] as to the matter of slavery may have tended to produce this result." The trial of John Brown was proceeding at the time, and we have the testimony of another Episcopalian that not a word concerning that "obscene tumult" was spoken in the convention. Bishop Clark's chapter, "The Late War," is equally silent on the subject of slavery. The word does not occur. But the Bishop was an ardent Unionist and an active member of the Sanitary Commission. Consequently he saw something of Lincoln, but his reminiscences of him are unimportant, excepting possibly his mild anger when the Commission was crowding him more than he liked. "It looks to me as if you would like to run this machine," he said.

Before attaining to the bishopric, Dr. Clark resided in Boston, in Hartford, and in Philadelphia, and he has written much more expansively about his clerical contemporaries in these cities than about his own sayings and doings. The stories are often slight, the details often trivial, but occasionally we get a pleasant touch, a happy characterization. Bishop Griswold had feared for himself that he might suffer from too much dining out, but at the time of this confession he had only been invited out to dine once, and that by a clergyman of his diocese. Such an experience would justify the traditional *nolo episcopari*. The pages on Bishop Eastburn are more interesting because of certain of his limitations which are suggested rather than displayed. How gracious he could be is shown by his inviting one of his clergymen to preach in the morning, contrary to his custom, as the gentleman reminded him. "But this is a very hot day," said the Bishop, "and there will be hardly anybody there, and I think you had better preach." As an example of his "ample and flowing style," we have his paraphrase of "the broad way" of the Gospel as "that vast arena frequented by far the largest numerical majority." King's Chapel is spoken of as having "relapsed into Unitarianism," but we have never understood that it was originally Unitarian. This is not the only time the Bishop nods, as his proof-reader should have told him, at the same time correcting his spelling of Olmsted and Mansel. Delicious is the story of the English lady who profited much more by Bishop Eastburn's discourse than by Dr. Vinton's, because she could not help listening to the latter, "and so she lost the benefit of the discipline which she had

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in trying to follow the Bishop." There is an account of the first Pan-Anglican Conference which minimizes the event as much as possible, and in fact a good many of the solemn functions in which the Bishop shared are made to appear in his narrative as if seen through an inverted telescope. Phillips Brooks, on the contrary, appears in his last chapter in the full proportions of his physical height and bulk, and of his corresponding mind and heart. The testimony is that of an intimate friend, but, this chapter being mainly an extract from a memorial discourse, it is less ungirt than the preceding chapters—a difference which is not for the better.

The Annals of a Quiet Valley in the Wordsworth Country. By a Country Parson. Edited by John Watson. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan.

THIS is one of the infrequent volumes which fall gently and restfully from the press into the hands of the reader tired with the blare of sensationalism, or fagged by the rush of fresh-made opinion into print. There is not the semblance of a reason why speed should be made to read such a volume, as time is likely to heighten, rather than diminish, its interest. Its author could not for a sane moment be seriously likened to White, or Walton, or Goldsmith, yet there is just a touch of all of them in his pages. If the reader is addicted to moods of reaction, and likes, once in a way, to brood and philosophize upon the past, there is food here for retrospect, and material with which to humor a philosophic fit to the top of its bent.

For this country parson writes of good old ways, in the good old times, among the hardy dalesfolk or "statesmen," the race of northern yeomen who were content to wear out their bodies in toil, and let it be with their brains as Providence and the parson willed. If the parson sat at his wheel and spun the carded wool while he taught school behind the Communion rails in the church, no stanch dalesman thought the less of his pedagogy; nor of his divinity on the Sunday because he eked out his tithes—a penny on the account of each odd lamb, a halfpenny for each odd goose, two eggs for each old hen and duck, also for every person keeping bees a penny, and the like—by tilling his glebe on the week-day, by hiring himself out at the busy times of washing the sheep in the fell becks, of shearing, and of hay-harvesting, or by trudging his eight miles to the market with thirty-two pounds weight of his wool on his muscular shoulders. That such a parson should be a man to lend himself to quaint anecdote, and his parish clerk another of the same humorous ilk, is a natural expectation amply fulfilled here. The carrier, also, as a public servant had naturally a reputation at the mercy of the public tongue. But he belonged to the new order, when innovation in the shape of wheels had reached the dale, after the post-road had passed its foot and doctors given warning of the disorders—"chief among which was apoplexy"—risked by venturing into the wild and whirling vehicles that ran upon it. Until then, pack-horses had served the heavier needs of the valley, and peddlers supplied the women-folk with the few articles of wear that were not the work of their own industrious hands. Now, alas, honest homespun stuffs have gone out of fashion, together with the arts of spinning the hempen or woollen cloth, of knitting or of sewing, and the country girls find service in the provincial towns "genteeler" than work on the hillside farms their forefathers helped to reclaim from the mountains.

Comparative strangers have taken the place of the old fell-folk: "the church, too, has changed, and the parson—everything, in fact, but the illimitable mountains that shape the valley." Even the neatly turned wooden cups and saucers, the inexclusive three-mouthed pewter posset-cups, and the meal bread, have given place in the homesteads to tea-drinking and brittle china, with the delicate wheaten loaf. The homely customs and daily trivialities of the large, smoky firesides contemporaneous with the former, make the staple of the volume that has no other lore besides, except that of the wild and lovely nature of the Lake District. Nevertheless, it is conceivable the reader may feel there is more of wisdom in its pages than in many a volume where the "meddling intellect" has played a larger part. The pleasant illustrations, by Bertha Newcombe, are altogether in keeping with the modest faithfulness of the text.

Britain's Naval Power. By Hamilton Williams, M.A. Macmillan.

THIS story of the British Navy covers the period from the earliest times down to the victory of Trafalgar. The author is instructor in English literature to the naval cadets in training on board the *Britannia* for the naval service of Great Britain. He has been notably successful in compressing in a limited space the salient facts in English naval history, and in his earlier chapters presents much of interest that is little known concerning the early days of the English Navy. This interest is well sustained throughout, and though Mr. Williams is evidently much influenced by the works of Captain Mahan and others, the book is none the less praiseworthy on that account.

An interesting account is given, in the second chapter, of the fleet collected by Richard I., which accompanied him in 1190 to the Crusades—a fleet that sailed in eight separate lines, each line being spaced by a trumpet-call distance from the next, with Richard himself in the eighth line commanding and regulating the whole. Before reaching Palestine a most remarkable vessel of the enemy was encountered—a Turkish dromon carrying "1,500 men, Greek fire in abundance, and 200 most deadly serpents for the destruction of the Christians." Urged by Richard, the crew of his vessel leaped overboard and succeeded in disabling the enemy's rudder so that she could not be steered. Unable to board her, the English galleys formed in line, and, at a given signal, hurled their iron beaks together upon the huge dromon, with the result that she sank at once, carrying down most of her crew and drowning (we are glad to relate) the 200 serpents.

In the third chapter we have well described the battle of Sluys, which occurred in 1340 on the Flemish coast, between the English and French fleets, the latter being at anchor, and consisting of 190 vessels with no less than 35,000 men on board. The usual fate of fleets at anchor was suffered by the French, notwithstanding that they met "the dogged insular persistency" of the English with the usual "brilliant bravery" of their own nation. So crushing was this defeat that tradition relates that no one of the courtiers of the French King was bold enough to break the news to him—a task finally performed by the Court fool. Interesting, also, is the account of the battle of "L'Espagnols-sur-mer," in 1350, with the vivid description of the defence of the *Salle de Roi* and the other naval exploits which gave to Edward the Third the sobriquet of "King of the Sea."

The vicissitudes of the English Navy are related in the succeeding chapters, which are illustrated by a number of quaint old engravings. The story of the Armada is well told, and with sufficient detail to be entertaining, and finally we are brought down to the time of George I. and the battle off Cape Passaro in 1718. The somewhat doubtful episode of Jenkins's ear, said to have occurred during the reign of George II., is related, with an account of the war against the Spaniards in 1739, and Vernon's victory at Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Panama, and his subsequent failures and disgrace. We reach more solid ground when we accompany Anson on his voyages, wonderful in experience and hardships, and to be commended to the youthful mariners of the present day as instances of what "rounding the Horn" and cruising in the Pacific meant in 1740, when the *Gloucester*, disabled and scurvy-stricken, was a whole month from the day she was sighted from Juan Fernandez in reaching her anchorage at that island.

The French and Spanish wars of the latter part of the last century are treated in the main with correctness, and sufficient prominence is given to the most important events. In the matter of our war for independence, the author, as a rule, does justice to the efforts of the Americans afloat and ashore, the affair at Penobscot being an exception. The three Continental cruisers and thirteen privateers were there overpowered by a much stronger force of regular men-of-war, which included a line-of-battle ship, under Sir George Collier. Faulty, too, is the description of the loss of the *Royal George* at Spithead in 1782. A moment's warning was certainly given, as has been pointed out in these columns, to the officers on duty, and the capsizing was owing partly to neglect and want of care as well as to the wind and increasing sea of the roadstead.

The last three chapters are devoted to the wars with the French republic and the French empire, glorious to the navy of Great Britain, and from which she emerged as the great sea-power of the world. The author is happy in his account of these wars. Perhaps a proper appreciation is wanting of the disorganized and demoralized condition of the French Navy that resulted from the French Revolution—a condition to which the French Army rapidly adjusted itself. Englishmen, we suspect, do not, as they should, read the lucid writings of Jurien de la Gravière upon these wars. They acknowledge, however, the individual bravery generally shown by the French, and the losses of English vessels of war were so few and far between that there is no temptation to resort to the hair-splitting so prevalent in discussing the tonnage, weight of guns and shot, nativity of crew, etc., of the frigates and sloops that fought actions in our own war with Great Britain in 1812. The author is mistaken, we think, as to Nelson's idea being to go straight ahead for Copenhagen by the quickest route. His suggestion (see Nelson's Despatches, vol. iv., p. 355) was that the Russian fleet should be attacked first at Revel and destroyed before the English fleet was weakened by the attack upon Copenhagen. Fell the trunk first, he said, and the branches go with it.

Churches and Castles of Mediæval France. By Walter Cranston Larned. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895. Pp. xii, 236. 1895.

THIS book contains 24 of those photographic

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prints which are so common nowadays, and which certainly add to the amount and to the good quality of popular knowledge. The views of the west fronts of great French cathedrals, Amiens, Chartres, Bourges, and such châteaux as Chaumont and Chenonceaux, are as important to give as if they were not already well known. Such views as that of the ramparts of Carcassonne, the castle of Falaise, and the apse of Beauvais seen from the south over the tops of the houses, are of much less familiar subjects. All are valuable, not one but what will furnish at once information and artistic pleasure, while many will serve to correct the hasty and ill-considered remarks to be found in the text.

Of the text there are twenty-five chapters, the first devoted to "the Historical Monuments of France," and so far valuable that it informs the reader that there are certain buildings which are classed under that title and cared for by the State. The statements contained in this chapter are often inaccurate and misleading, and no mention is made of the Commission des Monuments Historiques nor of the real organization of this branch of the public service. The other chapters are devoted to the different cathedrals, castles, and walled towns, with the usual mixture in the chapters of description and the expression of opinion with anecdotes of travel. Beauvais Cathedral is found "far too high for its length," and therefore "out of proportion," but no mention is made of the fact that only the choir and transepts stand for the cathedral, as the nave was never built. The aqueduct-bridge which spans the river Gard, a building with absolutely no decorative or artistic purpose whatever, is gravely instanced as a contrast to the beautiful temple at Nîmes, which, by the way, our author takes to be "Greek." It is stated that it is not in temples, *e. g.*, in the Maison Carrée, under consideration, "that the chief glory of Roman architecture was to be found," and we are taken to the Pont du Gard for what was its chief glory from this point of view: its mere bigness and solidity. It is odd, by the way, that such enthusiasts as our author never stop to inquire whether, in engineering matters, the moderns are not fairly skilled rivals of the ancients. A few miles distant from the Pont du Gard is the larger structure which carries the aqueduct to Marseilles, the bridge of Roquefavour; and no Roman bridge that we know of compares with the Maintenon aqueduct, nor surpasses half-a-dozen other modern structures that might be named. The beauty and the importance of Roman architecture were not in these objects of mere utility.

The book makes no pretence to exact knowledge or to critical discrimination; the brief prefatory note is perfectly explicit as to that and is pleasantly frank. Neither in the note, however, nor in the pages of the book is there any reason offered or implied for the making of such a book. They exist by scores already —books by travellers who find cathedrals impressive, ruined castles romantic, and buildings where famous people have lived, useful texts for their historical reminiscences. It would be difficult without using terms more severe than the occasion warrants to express the remoteness from just and adequate criticism of most of the remarks upon important works of art with which this book is filled.

A Manual for the Study of Insects. By John Henry Comstock, Professor of Entomology in Cornell University and in Leland Stanford Junior University, and Anna Botsford Comstock, Member of the Society of American Wood-Engravers. Ithaca, N. Y.: Comstock Publishing Co. 1895. Large 8vo, pp. 701; 6 plates, 797 figures.

THE publication of this volume is the completion of a work which has been in preparation for at least a decade of years—a portion of it having appeared in 1888, under the title of 'An Introduction to Entomology.' The original plan has meantime undergone some modification, and the authors believe that in its present form the Manual will more fully meet the wants of teachers and students. There has long been a demand for an elementary work that should present the study of insects in a systematic manner, with so much classification as would permit the habits and names of the more important groups, if not of individual species, to be readily ascertained, and the study successfully prosecuted both in its scientific aspect and in its practical application. Such has been the aim in the preparation of the present Manual, and, so far as can be judged from the somewhat limited examination we have given it, it has been attained. Prof. Comstock is a successful instructor in Cornell University. For several years he has been engaged in working out an entirely new system of classification in the Lepidoptera, which, so far as given to the public, had already been accepted by many of our leading entomologists; it has been more fully elaborated in the present volume, in which, also, has been introduced a uniform system of nomenclature in the several orders of insects (particularly in regard to the wing-veins), the want of which has hitherto been a great annoyance to the student in general entomology, in passing from one order to another.

Perhaps the best feature of the Manual is the analytical keys, by the aid of which insects may be readily referred to the respective orders, and, with no great amount of study, to their several families. Beyond this the limits of a single volume would not permit the tables to be carried. Of course, means by which the student could refer an insect to its genus and to its particular species, such as we have in our botanical manuals, is a great desideratum, but wholly impracticable at present. The cost of such a work would not admit of its preparation, nor of its remunerative sale; its magnitude would forbid its use in the classroom. The briefest descriptions available for recognition of the species so far as now known would necessitate a score or more of volumes of the size of the present one. But from the more than 800 figures contained in the Manual, most of which, it is understood, have been engraved on wood by the associate author with the skill and fidelity only to be attained by the zealous entomologist after years of devoted labor, the merest tyro will easily be able to name many of the specimens in his collection, especially in the Lepidoptera, to which more than 200 pages are assigned. Thirty or more of our butterflies are beautifully figured and their principal features given, and many other species succinctly characterized. In recognition of the growing demand of the day, many of the species mentioned are discussed in their economic aspect.

In the division of the insects into orders, a larger number has been designated than by Brauer or Packard or any other writer. Nineteen orders are recognized, no less than nine of which were originally embraced in the Neuroptera. Several of these contain but a single family each and embrace but a few insects, and it is questionable whether their structural differences are sufficiently marked to call for their assignment into groups of ordinal value. There are many who would prefer a more simple classification not departing quite so far from the old seven orders; for it is evident that if ordinal grouping is to be carried to the point where the true relationship and line of descent of the groups shall be fully shown, it may be continued indefinitely without ever reaching a stage that will be entirely satisfactory. The erection of new orders certainly does not necessarily imply progress, for no two systematists will agree on what they shall embrace or what name they shall bear. The student is perplexed by this constant suggestion of change, and, in despair, falls back upon the simple and convenient seven-order system of Linnæus (amended by Olivier in withdrawing Aptera and adding Orthoptera), which had been quite generally adopted by our naturalists fifty years ago and is not yet obsolete, especially if we add the two orders of Pseudoneuroptera and Thysanura. In their own justification the authors of the Manual state: "It seems to us easier for the student to learn the characters of a large number of well-defined groups than it is to learn those of a smaller number of vaguely defined groups."

The chapter on "Insects and their Near Relatives," briefly reviewing the animals made up of a series of rings or segments on some of which jointed legs occur, will be found useful and important, as showing the true place of insects in the animal kingdom. In the following chapter, which treats of the Hexapoda, their metamorphoses and external anatomy are ably and comprehensively explained and illustrated. Finally, students will appreciate the indication, in parenthesis, of the syllables and accent of each scientific name introduced. Partial accentuated lists had previously been given in several of the families, but nothing nearly so full as this.

Furth in Field: A Volume of Essays on the Life, Language, and Literature of Old Scotland. By Hugh Haliburton. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams.

MR. HALIBURTON'S essays cover four groups of subjects, but they are so short and so superficial in treatment as to suggest the suspicion that they are merely a collection of newspaper articles. The most important and original is the series which describes the scenery of Roxburgshire around Ednam, the birthplace of the poet Thomson, and Southdean (Soudan), his father's parish, where he spent all the most impressionable years of his life. Our author traces effectively the influence of the natural beauties of his home on, and the direction it gave to, the poetical faculties of the author of the 'Seasons.' Short as these articles are, they contain frequent repetitions—evidence of very careless reëditing.

Another series proves, what very few deny, that Burns was well read in poetry, and that he borrowed more often unconsciously, through the inevitable process of assimilation which works in every retentive mind, than consciously, as our author would have us believe, from the sources of his reading.

What might have been the most interesting of the essays are those which are handled least thoroughly, namely, descriptions of the rural customs, vanishing from the Scottish Lowlands, such as the festival of "The Bear Barrel," held during the barley harvest; "The Foy," or feast given to former fellow-servants and apprentices by one leaving, or by the mas-

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ter when the apprentice had served his full term; "Hogmanay," or the New Year's Eve frolic, devoted by the whole population to drinking and to "thigging" or begging and "guising" or masquerading, by not only the very poor but the well-to-do, whom custom allowed without loss of self-respect to thus bemean themselves; "Hansel Monday," the first Monday of the "New Year," the Scottish day of gift-giving and gift-getting; St. Valentine's and All Fool's Day.

The author, like most antiquaries, traces many of these curious customs to the survival of heathen practices permitted by the Church—it would probably be more correct to say encouraged by the Church. In apostolic times the policy, to use a modern phrase, of the organizers of the early Church was evidently to permit the widest latitude in unessentials to their converts, and not to discourage adherents by opposing their innocent habits. The Roman Catholic Church has always followed and even extended the principle in its missionary work among barbarous and semi-barbarous peoples, by appealing strongly to the senses and encouraging amusements not canonically immoral. It was only last year that a Mystery Play was performed in British Columbia. It is possible that the custom of guising at Hogmanay may have been derived from the Jews; but more probably a common origin is to be found in a universal instinct. The Jewish custom of "guising" at the feast of Purim is carried even further than the Hogmanay practised in Scotland; for, among the Jews, boys and girls disguise themselves in clothes of the opposite sex. As contributions to these interesting subjects the few pages of Haliburton's book are important; unfortunately, however, they are too few.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armelani, Francesco. Ellero o Guyot? Studio Critico-Sociale. Pitigliano: Osvaldo Paggi.
Benson, E. F. The Judgment Books. $1.
Bra, Dr. M. La Thérapeutique des Tissus. Méthode Brown-Séquard. Paris: J. Rothschild.
Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15 cents.
Caldwell, J. E. Songs of the Pines. Toronto: William Briggs.
Clark, Andrew. Addenda to the Life and Times of Anthony Wood. Vol. IV. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Clark, Rev. G. H. Oliver Cromwell. Harpers. $1.25.
Cook, Prof. A. S. Exercises in Old English. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40 cents.
Deutsch, Emanuel. The Talmud. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Ebers, Georg. In the Fire of the Forge. 2 vols. Appletons.
Frye, A. E. Complete Geography. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.55.
Galt, John. Annals of the Parish, and the Ayrshire Legatees. Macmillan. $1.25.
Glouvet, Jules de. France, 1418—1429. [Bibliothèque de Romans Historiques.] Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Hardy, Thomas. Far from the Madding Crowd. Harpers. $1.50.
Henderson, W. J. Afloat with the Flag. Harpers. $1.25.
Hittell, J. S. The Spirit of the Papacy. San Francisco: J. S. Hittell.
Hunt, James. A Home and Work for Every Man; and an Invincible British Empire. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.
Lee, Dr. E. J. Lee of Virginia. 1642—1892. Biographical and Genealogical Sketches of the Descendants of Col. Richard Lee. Philadelphia: The Author. $10.
Luffmann, C. B. A Vagabond in Spain. Scribners. $2.50.
Macray, W. D. A Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalen College. Vol. I. Oxford: University Press; New York: Macmillan.
Marchmont, A. W. Parson Thring's Secret. Cassell. $1.00.
Markham, C. R. Major James Rennell and the Rise of Modern English Geography. Macmillan. $1.25.
Mitchell, Dr. S. W. Philip Vernon. Century Co. $1.
Morley, Prof. Henry, and Griffin, Prof. W. H. English Writers. Vol. XI. Shakspere and his Time. Cassell. $1.50.
Moore, George. Celibates. Macmillan. $1.50.
North, Sir Thomas. Plutarch's Lives. [Tudor Translations.] Vols. I. and II. London: David Nutt.
Powell, J. W. Canyons of the Colorado. Meadville, Pa.; Flood & Vincent. $10.
Prévost, Marcel. Notre Campagne. Paris: Lemerre; New York: Meyer Bros. & Co.
Putnam, Prof. Daniel. A Manual of Pedagogics. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.
Robinson, Rev. E. G. Christian Evidences. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.25.
Rollins, Alice W. Aphorisms for the Year. 2d ed. J. A. Thulman. 50 cents.
Sangster, Mrs. Margaret E. Little Knights and Ladies: Verses for Young People. Harpers. $1.25.
Scott, Sir W. Waverley. 2 vols. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
Searle, G. M. Plain Facts for Fair Minds. Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cents.
Sergeant, Adeline. Dr. Endicott's Experiment. Cassell. 50 cents.
Seyler, Gustav A. Illustrirtes Handbuch der Ex-Libris-Kunde. Berlin: J. A. Staargardt; New York: Brentanos.
Smalley, G. W. Studies of Men. Harpers. $2.50.
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